YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ SEPT. 10 1943
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By the men . . for the men in the service

IMPORTED STUFF

Exclusive Picture Story of the Attu Invasion

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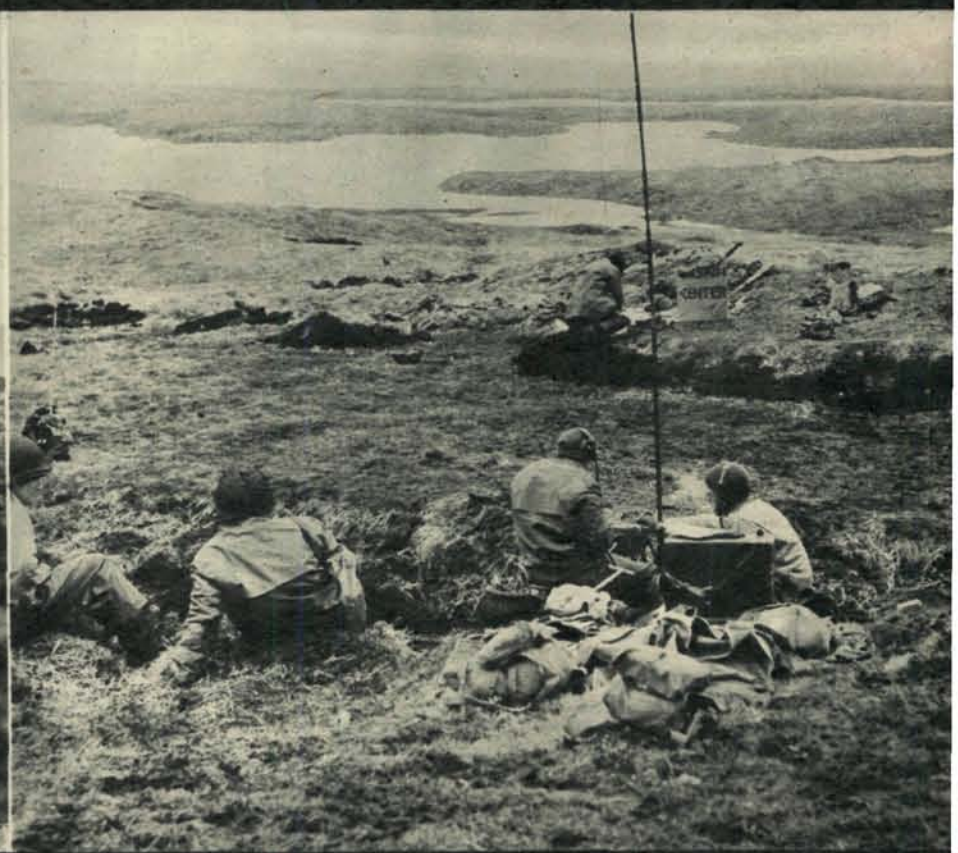
1. Just before the invasion got under way, soldiers were given final instructions. Relief model gave them graphic picture of operations plans.

2. Assault boats moved through the fog-shrouded waters toward the shore line, where the men jumped out and fought their way inland.

3. Yanks are silhouetted against the sky as they stand on barren ridges passing the ammunition for the guns in the front lines. They had to fight over bare brown tundra of the shore to the rocky hills and ridges farther inland, and then over the mountains, marching through snowdrifts, bitten by icy winds.

4. On a shelf of tundra above the beach, a howitzer fires on a Jap position. Howitzers in this area were the first Army guns in action on Attu.



5. Men working a field radio and a sign reading "Message Center" are what made up the island's first American message center.

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6. When bullets whizzed by his ears this Yank fell to the ground with his Browning automatic and scanned a ridge ahead to see if he could get a bead on the enemy sniper. YANK's photographer was able to take this picture from an abandoned Jap trench where he was crouching only a few feet away.

ATTU

THE fight for the Aleutian island of Attu was one of the hardest ever fought by American arms. The Jap, who never surrendered, was not the only enemy; there was also the weather. Both were beaten. Landing with the first U. S. soldiers was YANK's Sgt. Georg Meyers, who, when he wasn't using his rifle, was using his camera. The result is this picture story of the campaign, printed on these and the following two pages.

7. A soldier of the emperor lies dead, high on a rocky ridge, and beside him is the grenade he never had the chance to throw. The Japs fought to the last; they had to be blasted out of every crevice and hole on the island. Known Jap dead on Attu were about 1,800, but only 11 were taken prisoner.

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8. A chow line forms around a field kitchen set up in a sheltered ravine on the Attu front lines. Hot food, particularly hot coffee, was a luxury in this island campaign. Front-line fighters were lucky to eat a full meal of C or K rations. Very often the fighting did not permit them time to open a cold can.

9. Puzzle: find a general among these dogfaces eating chow on a hillside. He's there, with canteen cup, at the left: Brig. Gen. Archibald V. Arnold, Field Artillery.

10. Inspecting some Jap straw men. The enemy stuffed their uniforms to try and draw fire revealing our positions.

11. "Little Tokyo," a Jap military village dug into the hills. The Americans found hundreds of underground huts and tunnels and picked up a variety of booty.

12. This dog, found in an abandoned camp area, was still loyal to his Jap friends. He kept away from the Yanks.

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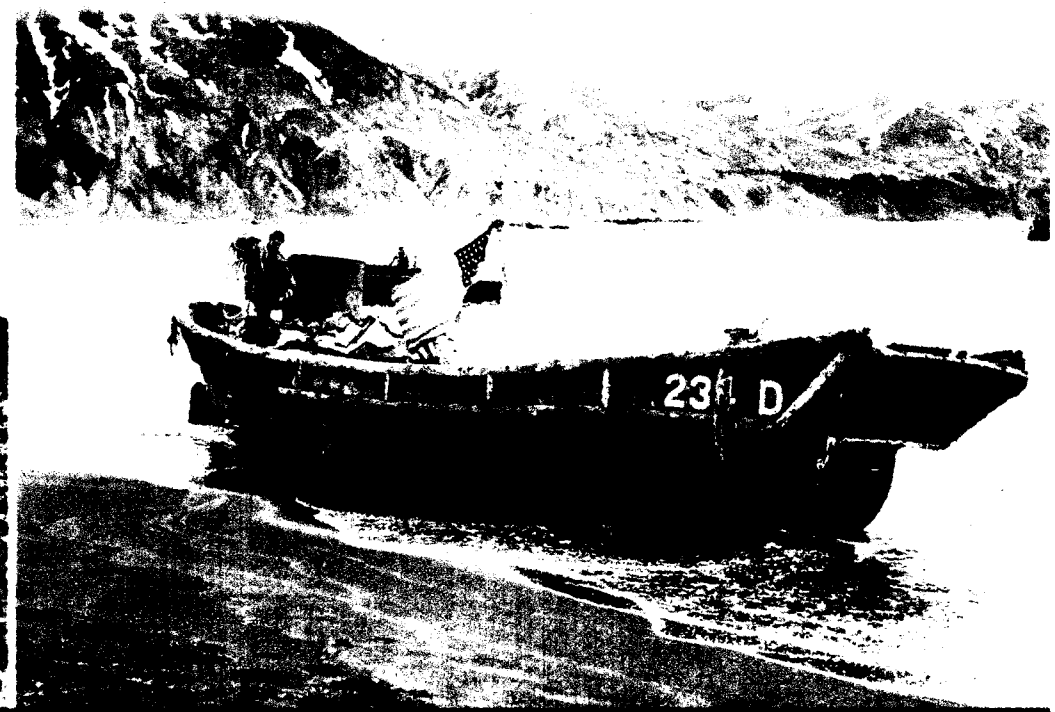
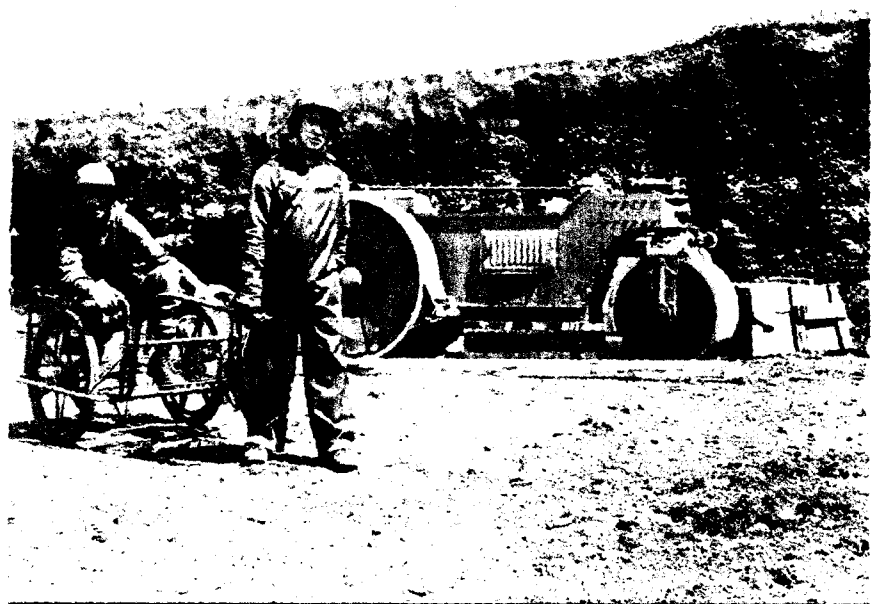
13. Pvt. Royal Kenney of San Francisco, Calif., was given credit for two dead snipers during his first day of battle.



14. The American flag flies over a captured barge in Massacre Bay. U. S. Navy ships had no trouble with the Jap Navy during the three weeks fight on Attu.



15. T-5 A. R. Noennich and Pfc. R. E. Schafer try out Jap freight rickshaw (tractor-roller in rear), on captured landing strip.

16. Pvt. Henry E. Montroy of Los Angeles studies a Jap 40-mm grenade thrower.

17. Sgt. Leonard Bones holds a Jap saber.

18. A wounded American is loaded on an assault barge for evacuation. Final figures showed some 1,135 U. S. wounded.

19. When the sun finally came out these Yanks got a well-deserved rest. Conquest of Attu brought us within 765 miles of great Jap base of Paramushiri.

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A lookout on the "Isle of Atonement" somewhere in the Central Pacific.

Even the Mosquitoes Can't Stand This Army Way Station in Central Pacific

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE CENTRAL PACIFIC—Soldiers stationed here call this the "Isle of Atonement," which is an apt enough description, although it may be stretching a point to call such a completely insignificant hunk of white sand and coral an island. Many maps of the Pacific ignore it altogether.

At no point is it more than 15 or 20 feet above sea level, and except for a few sickly bushes, the noisy booby and gooney birds and the ghost-walkers, there is no wild life or vegetation. Rats are numerous, kindly, gray creatures who take a brotherly interest in the welfare and possessions of the GIs. There are no mosquitoes.

Evenings are cool, and the sunsets are said to be the most beautiful in the Pacific. An evening swim is almost compulsory.

The days are hot. When reveille sounds at 6 A. M., the sun is already beating down on the white rock and sand. Rain is scarce. Almost always the temperature is well above 100.

The story is told that the devil was offered this spot in exchange for a half acre of hell. Quite wisely, the men say, he turned it down.

Before the war this Pacific pinpoint was nearly deserted. There were only a few brown-skinned Polynesians here, fishing and swimming.

Now it is an important base in the long journey "down under," and there are flyers and ground crews. Coast Artillery units, engineers and infantrymen. Guns bristle everywhere. Lookouts and guards, men as well as dogs, are constantly on the job at a score of OPs.

Everything here has been built by GIs and Army Engineers—including a wooden chapel constructed after working hours by a crew of eight Protestants, six Catholics and a Jewish corporal who was an architect in civil life.

The whole place is camouflaged, and it is only as your plane circles for a landing that you see this is much more than a vacant dot in the vast blue of the Pacific.

Not much happens here. Planes like ours come in from the north and the south, but they never stay long. They are always on their way to or from some place.

There isn't much to do—except work and sleep and eat. From 4 until 6 P. M. you can buy two beers—if any beer is available. Coca-Cola is rationed, two bottles to a man twice a week.

For most GIs every day is the same. They watch and they wait. The Japs, they know, are based not many hundred miles away, and the Nips have been here before in their two-motored bombers, not many but enough to keep you alert.

Pvt. Frank Sikel of Napoleon, N. Dak., is about the busiest man on the island. He is the only barber and runs a modest one-chair shop with a sign inscribed "SIKEL'S—WE TRIM 'EM." Sikel's haircuts are strictly GI, and he dishes out 25 to 30 a day at 30 cents each. He was a farmer back in North Dakota.

Two or three evenings a week, half a dozen men go lobster-hunting. Sgts. Maurice Walsh and Robert Naud, both of the Bronx, N. Y., are the experts. They wear a leather glove on one hand, carry a flashlight in the other and lift the lobsters out of the water with the gauntlet.

Four soldiers run a hog farm on the island. Bringing up hogs in these torrid parts, without clover or grass, is no simple matter. The pigs eat barley, oats and garbage, and, according to Pvt. Clarence Frevert, a farmer from Springfield, Mo., "complain about the chow more than I do." The other soldier-farmers are Pvts. Tilford Mohr of Boulder, Colo., Ira Jackson of Pana, Ill., and Irving Dubin, who was a clerk in Chicago.

Poker, red-dog and blackjack are popular here, and stakes are high. There is always a movie in the evening. You go whether you've seen it before or not.

Radios are rare, and reception of mainland stations is not always clear. Radio Tokyo, on the other hand, comes in loud and blatant. The Japs have claimed capture of this spot at least twice. That's always good for a laugh.

MPs are a conspicuous luxury. No one ever goes AWOL, and since there are no women about, the number of ways you can get in trouble are limited. Liquor is almost nonexistent.

They say the gooney birds start talking to you after three months here. At the end of eight months, you start answering back.

This Week's Cover

TROPHIES of the battle that cleared the Japanese from Attu are held by Cpl. Willie Stansbury of Henderson, N. C., and Cpl. John L. Ashby of Saffell, Ark. The bottle contains sake, but the Jap battle flag is interesting to look at. More of Sgt. Georg Meyers' Attu pictures are on pages 2, 3, 4 and 5.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, 2, 3, 4 & 5—Sgt. Georg Meyers. 6—Seventh Air Force, Hawaii. 7—U. S. Army. 8—Signal Corps. 10—Upper left, INP; lower, Acme. 11—Left, PA; upper right, INP. 12—Upper left & right, PA; center left, Sgt. Dick Hanley; center right, PRO, Army Air Field, Tullahoma, Tenn.; lower left, Sgt. Al Hine; lower right, AAF. 13—Upper left, PA; upper right, Acme; center left, U. S. Marine Corps; center, Sgt. John Bushemi; lower left, Acme; lower right, INP. 18—Upper left, PRO, Fort Riley, Kans.; upper right, Army Air Field, Presque Isle, Maine; lower left, U. N. Jacobellis; lower right, Base Photo Section, Gowen Field, Idaho. 19—Left, PRO, Fort Sill, Okla.; center, PA; right, Sgt. John Frano; lower left, Signal Section, HQ, Armored Force, Fort Knox, Ky.; lower right, Signal Corps, PRO, Fort Sam Houston, Tex. 20—WW. 21—Upper, Cpl. Ben Schnall; right, 20th Century-Fox. 23—Upper left, PA; lower right, WW.

Hyman's Proposal to Beverly, Queen of Nassau, Had Teeth in It

NASSAU—Girls being sort of scarce on this 2-by-4 island, Pvt. Hyman Schechter of Brooklyn, N. Y., decided to overlook the three front teeth Beverly was missing, and dated her up.

But that big gap in the upper left jaw of his one-and-only bothered Hyman, and he visited the local dentist to arrange for a plaster cast with three shiny teeth attached.

When the tropical moon shone down and a cool breeze stirred the palm trees overhead, Schechter made the presentation.

"Darling," he said to Beverly, "now that you are the only girl in the world for me, I want to make you a present. Open your mouth and shut your eyes."

Knowing Hyman, Beverly hesitated for a moment but finally agreed. Moments later she was sputtering out her thanks for the dental plate.

With her new ivories, Beverly was soon a social success, and reports reached Hyman that "his girl" was going out with other GIs. He refused to believe this until one night he met Beverly walking down Bay Street with a soldier.

Controlling his wrath, Schechter asked Beverly if he could speak with her privately. She agreed and politely excused herself. In the darkness of a store doorway, Hyman repeated the old "open your mouth and close your eyes" line. Beverly fell for it again, and in a flash Hyman extracted the partial plate, stuck the teeth in his pocket and walked back to his station.

Beverly's current beau is reliably reported to be negotiating with Hyman for the purchase of the teeth.

—Sgt. DAVE FOLDS
YANK Field Correspondent

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Marine Bond Salesman Wins Prize—A Plane Ride to Hawaii

HAWAII—A lanky blond marine from Texas tried his hand at selling War Bonds at his outlying Pacific base and won a plane ride to Hawaii with his spare-time efforts.

Pfc. William F. Davis, USMC, of Longview, Tex., was allotted 28 men as prospects when the bond drive started at his base. Polishing up his Lone Star drawl, the 20-year-old machine-gunner persuaded all 28 marines to pledge approximately 50 percent of their pay for bonds. It added up to $1,913 worth.

When the results were announced, Davis led all the rest of the marine salesmen. Starched and slicked, he received the congratulations of a Marine brigadier general, before shoving off in a plane for Pearl Harbor and his first "liberty" in eight months.

—Sgt. GENE WARD
Marine Corps Correspondent

Army Separates Father and Son, Reunites Them in Iran Task Force

ANDIMESHK, IRAN—Father and son work together in an Ordnance outfit here. Pvt. Edmund Smires, 43 years old, and Pvt. James Smires, 19, volunteered together in Philadelphia, Pa., and came the long way to Iran, still together.

That wasn't as simple as it looks on paper. Edmund, the father, was driving a truck back home for Standard Oil. A veteran of the last war, he got his discharge in 1919 as a corporal from the 110th Infantry. Pearl Harbor made him see red. It made his son James, then building punch presses for General Electric, see just as red. They went down to the recruiting office together and signed up.

For a while they managed to stay together. Both were assigned to Ordnance and both went to Aberdeen, Md., for basic training in small arms. Small-arms training fitted in well with James' punch-press background, but Pappy Smires didn't like it so well. There were plenty of trucks and there was plenty of work to be done on trucks at Aberdeen. Pvt. Edmund wangled his way into the truck section there. What the hell, he was still in the same camp as his son. What more could a man ask?

But he didn't stay at Aberdeen long. Truck work jelled with his previous experience and he was sent to Camp Bowie, Tex., to a regular Ordnance outfit. He began to worry about whether he was going to be divorced permanently from young James.

He worried more when he was moved to Camp Barkeley, Tex., and worried most of all when his outfit was alerted for overseas duty. At Bowie, the CO had promised to write to the CO at Aberdeen to see what he could do about getting James transferred down there. At Barkeley, the company personnel adjutant wrote another letter, but James was still in Maryland and Pappy was still in Texas.

Pvt. Edmund was in that half-dazed state where you check the contents of your "B" bag and wonder almost aloud, "Guadalcanal, Africa, Alaska, Hawaii or maybe even Bermuda?" when a hand tapped him on the shoulder.

Yep, it was James, just as blond and young and hearty as his father had left him at Aberdeen, come to Barkeley to join the outfit at the last minute.

They sailed together to Iran and now work in the same company. Edmund repairs the trucks that carry supplies to Russia. James, in a supply room, checks out the parts that go to repair those trucks. Put this down as one case where the Army had a heart.

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .

PACIFIC SEAMAN

A close-up story of Bob Christiansen, talker on a heavy cruiser in the U. S. Navy's Pacific Fleet, who has sweated out four major sea engagements against the Japs since Pearl Harbor.

Snake-Eyes

PANAMA—When a troop of cavalrymen fell in for an inspection by high-ranking officers at a jungle outpost here, a latecomer attempting to join the formation was stopped cold by two cartridges right behind the eye from a pistol wielded by Lt. Col. Maurice C. Peter of Springfield, Ill.

The Yanks, standing stiffly at attention, were startled until they learned that the colonel's target was an 11-foot boa constrictor. It had slithered from a tree toward the group of GIs when discouraged by Col. Peter's markmanship.

—Sgt. ROBERT RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Pacific Hero Is Almost Jailed; Moral: Wear Medals in Swimming

NEW YORK—Chivalry is not dead, it seems, but a tech sergeant's fondness for playing Sir Walter Raleigh nearly landed him in the clink here, Silver Star, DFC and all.

T/Sgt. Edward Niemi, 20-year-old veteran of 51 missions over Japanese territory in the South Pacific, arrived home on furlough and called up Rose Di Paro, whom he hadn't seen since they went to grammar school together. They decided to go for a swim at Orchard Beach in the Bronx, and somehow Rose's two sisters, Theresa and Helen, included themselves on the invitation.

At the beach Niemi spread a newspaper out on the sand for the girls to sit on. Theresa was taking a sunbath while the others were in swimming when up marched Patrolman McManus and handed her a summons for littering the beach.

Niemi came out of the water to protest, but in his bathing trunks the 6-foot blond and handsome radioman-gunner looked like just another 4-F to McManus, and he didn't get anywhere.

In Bronx Magistrate's Court the young sergeant caused a stir among the female spectators, who appreciated the fact that he was 6-foot, blond and handsome, which the patrolman hadn't. Besides, this time Niemi was wearing his decorations.

Questioned by Magistrate Robert P. Levis, Niemi explained that he had served in Australia, New Guinea and the Solomons on the Flying Fortress *Talisman*, credited with sinking a Jap cruiser and cargo ship. He wears the Silver Star, Air Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster, and the Distinguished Flying Cross. Niemi left his job as a clerk in a grocery store to enlist in October 1941.

"I can't fine a man with a record like yours," Magistrate Levis said. "Sentence suspended."

—YANK Staff Writer

The long and short of it in the ETO. Pvt. Robert B. Parkins, showing his pass to Cpl. Abel Gagneaux, is the shortest soldier in the ETO at 4 feet 9 inches, while Gagneaux is tallest, standing 6 feet 7 inches.

Two Armies Put Him Behind Desk; He Joins Merchant Marine To Fight

ENGLAND—When it comes to eager beavers, Phillip Messenger of Seattle, Wash., probably takes the prize as the eagerest of them all.

Messenger wanted to get in the war and do a bit of fighting long before Pearl Harbor. He crossed the border and joined the Canadian Army. Unfortunately they didn't send him overseas but just tucked him away in an office and forgot him.

One day another regiment was sailing. Messenger lined up with them and got on the transport. For two days he managed to keep out of sight by doing KP, but a transport is a pretty small place in the long run, and they finally caught up with him. He was shoved in the brig for the rest of the voyage.

When he arrived here Messenger was court martialed, but no action was taken because he has shown a "commendable interest" in the war. But if there was no action taken on him, neither could he take any action on the enemy, because they put him back doing office work.

At last the Americans arrived, and Messenger figured he'd be able to get a crack at front-line fighting after all. He arranged for his transfer to the U. S. Army, and then—was assigned to a desk job.

Fed up, he applied for his discharge (he was over 38) and enlisted in the Merchant Marine. This looked like the real thing, so he went out to celebrate. Somewhere en route he lost all his papers and his money. Afraid to face the Merchant Marine people, he went AWOL for a time, until he plucked up enough courage to go around and see them. Much to his relief, all was forgiven.

Right now, Messenger is at sea somewhere, on the front-line duty he wanted so long.

—YANK Field Correspondent

You Can't Tell About a Storm; Sometimes It Comes in Mighty Handy

SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC—A storm can do as much good as it does bad, says one Coast Guard crew recently returned from patrol.

Their cutter was completely surrounded by a U-boat pack which was closing in for the kill. Suddenly a squall whipped up from nowhere and grew into a storm so violent that the subs were forced to the bottom to escape the heavy seas.

On another North Atlantic patrol, a storm blew up lasting for a day and a half, locking the cutter tight in an ice pack. The men could see nothing but ice stretching out on all sides. For a month they were stuck there when suddenly a second storm blew up—the same kind that had trapped them—and slowly broke up the ice. They fought their way through the breaking floes until they reached the open sea again. Then they went back on patrol.

—YANK Coast Guard Correspondent

Private in New Guinea Jumps To Master Sergeant in 20 Days

NEW GUINEA—You, too, can go from buck private to master sergeant in 20 days. It's a cinch. All you need is "some luck." That's what M/Sgt. Tom Corbally of Great Falls, Mont., says. He ought to know, because he's just done it.

Corbally sweated it out for 18 months as a slick-sleeve, stymied by a T/O that called for no more ratings in his section. But his work for S-3 during the Papuan campaign was so outstanding that he was finally given a pfc. stripe in spite of the T/O.

A week later Tom transferred to S-2, where he was promoted to technician fifth grade. Then came his big break. The S-3 master sergeant became ill and was sent to Australia. Corbally transferred back to his old section and was promoted immediately to master sergeant.

—Cpl. BILL ALCINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

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The story of a 105-mm howitzer, serial number 1008, and the men who fired it in Texas and Pine Camp and then for keeps in Sicily.

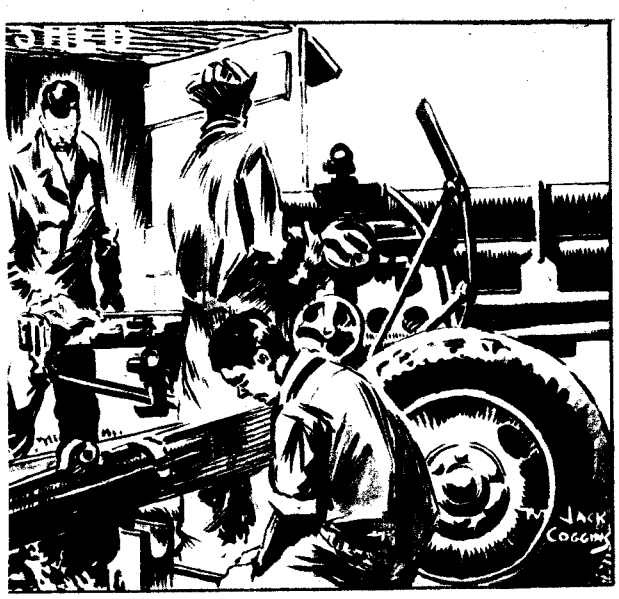
By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 45TH DIVISION IN SICILY—They were given the Gun in Texas. It was delivered right to C Battery of this 45th Division Field Artillery battalion with the compliments of the Erie Ordnance Depot. With the Gun came a field manual and a log book. The manual said it was a caliber 105-mm howitzer, Model M2A1, Serial No. 1008; the log book for recording the number of rounds fired was empty.

Today the log book is full. They took the Gun from Texas to a tomato patch in a valley on the north coast of Sicily, firing as they went. They fired for record in the dust of Camp Barkeley in Texas and in the snow of Pine Camp, N. Y., and now they are firing for keeps. For three weeks the Gun was not silent for more than six hours at a time. The crew is proud of the Gun. The enemy is afraid of it.

The history of the Gun is not like the story of a Flying Fortress or a British destroyer that battles overwhelming odds, staggers through action after harrowing action and finally goes down in a literal blaze of glory. The Gun has been under fire, but only for a short time, and never dangerously. This does not mean that it was not up there; it means simply that the battery commander knew his stuff. The better the Gun does its work the more chance it has of coming through the war without ever being un-

When the gun was delivered in Texas, they spent three days wiping off all the cosmoline.



After plenty of tough maneuvers in the U. S., the Gun was loaded on a ship bound for the Mediterranean.

It landed in Sicily 10 miles away from its truck and crew. Irwin borrowed a jeep and hauled it back.

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der any more fire. Its crew has never seen the enemy in action and probably never will. No one immediately connected with the Gun has ever seen the effect of its fire.

The Gun, just a typical Field Artillery piece, is completely unheroic and absolutely necessary. So is the crew.

There are nine in the crew, headed by Sgt. Elden W. Yoder of Chandler, Okla. The gunner is Cpl. Virgil Irwin of Aline, Okla. The cannoneers are Pvt. Emmitt Osborn of Davenport, Okla.; Pfc. Paul J. Hemmelgarn of St. Cloud, Minn.; Pvt. Leonard Jacona of Philadelphia, Pa.; Pvt. Sigmond Biernacki of Baltimore, Md.; Pfc. Rudolph Bistany of Yonkers, N. Y.; Pfc. Walter Flanagan of Williamsport, Pa., and Pvt. Forest Saunders of Ringos Mills, Ky.

There is also a truck driver, T-5 Olen Beasley of Chandler, Okla., who operates the six-by-six that hauls the Gun from position to position.

Teamwork Without Sentiment

The crew has been together for more than a year now, operating as a team, and each one knows the other guy's job. They are completely unsentimental about the Gun; they have never given it a name other than the Gun, and if it should be destroyed they would not weep over it but simply cuss out the days they would have to wait for another. But they like it. They think it's a hell of a piece, easy to work and terrible in its effect. They wouldn't trade it for any gun in the Artillery, even if they could get another.

The crew is Section 4 of the battery. Its members were first introduced to the Gun at Camp Barkeley. They spent the next three days trying to separate it from several coatings of cosmoline. This did not exactly endear them to the piece, and it was probably fortunate that they did not get a lecture immediately afterward on how the artilleryman's best friend is his howitzer.

They spent the next three months making dry runs. Then they fired on the range. Then there were more dry runs and maneuvers and night problems and amphibious problems, and just enough real firing to make the men think maybe they would get to use the Gun some day. The outfit traveled from camp to camp. Then all of a sudden they found themselves on a transport, with the Gun in the hold.

The Gun was unloaded in Sicily on a morning that the crew will never forget. Before the landing Pvt. Osborn tied a horseshoe on the Gun for luck, and two bombs missed it by 20 feet. The crew preceded the Gun ashore, leaving Cpl. Irwin on the landing boat. The boat couldn't land where the crew landed, so it went about 10 miles farther down the coast and put Irwin and the Gun off there.

By that time all hell was breaking loose. The initial enemy resistance had been pushed back by the combined naval, air and ground forces, but there was still plenty of counteraction. The air was full of whizzing objects, and no one had a very clear idea of what was going on.

In the midst of all this bloody confusion Irwin found himself with one gun, no ammunition and no means of transportation. Beasley and the truck were with the battery, 10 miles up the beach. Irwin finally managed to borrow a jeep that was standing around, hitched the Gun to that with the aid of some sailors and a couple of stray infantrymen, and started up the beach.

Meanwhile the rest of the crew had landed under heavy enemy fire and made their way inland about two miles, until they found high enough ground for artillery operation. They dug in and Irwin finally found them there.

The rest of C Battery had already assembled and was firing, and Sgt. Yoder soon had the Gun in action. It was their first real action. They were too excited to be nervous. The battery had put an observer up with the infantry, and he was calling shots at 1,600 yards with a charge five, and the Gun was really popping them out. The observer kept yelling, "More! More!" and no one in the crew actually remembers what went on that day more than five yards from the Gun.

Three Sleepless Nights of Firing

The men didn't sleep that night, and the next night they began to move forward. They worked like a good body puncher, moving in all the time, throwing short, hard punches; and the infantry was the final right hand. For three nights, the crew didn't sleep and the Gun didn't stop firing. There wasn't even a chance to clean it during that time.

After the third night, progress was routine. The men kept moving forward behind the infantry, but they were no longer fired upon. They kept the Gun camouflaged and in defilade. Several times enemy guns sought it out; many times there were Stukas overhead. When the planes came the Gun shut up, so as not to give away its position. After they left, the Gun started again. Hour after hour, day after day, the Gun kept throwing its 33-pound projectiles.

And nothing went wrong with it. On that first landing the battery's gun mechanic was killed, and from then on the crew had to look after the Gun's care. Once it fired 236 rounds in 12 hours, getting so hot the paint burned off the tube. That was the time Yoder had to get a jeep driver to take his place at the earphones. He couldn't hear anything because of the constant explosion, and had to go back hauling ammunition. He couldn't hear anything for two days afterward. That was also the time everyone pitched in to haul ammunition, from the mess sergeant to the first sergeant.

Once the recoil mechanism had to be filled with oil because the barrel wouldn't go far enough forward into battery. Once the Gun threw Pvt. Flanagan while he was standing on one of the trails, digging it into the ground with the recoil. Once, while the Gun was being pulled to another position, it broke loose from the truck, and Yoder and Bistany chased it half a mile. But the Gun fired every time they wanted it to fire, and that was practically all the time. And it fired rapidly; hundreds of the German prisoners here in Sicily keep asking to see those "automatic" howitzers the Americans have been using.

Routine Job of Making History

The push from the south to the north coast of Sicily was interesting for the crew but not highly exciting. Most of the time they were too busy doing their routine job to realize they were making history. They worked hard and steadily, with a minimum of snafu, and while they were rarely in positions of great danger they were never entirely out of danger. In the little spare time they had, riding to a new position or sitting by the Gun, they looked at this strange country and collected souvenirs and tried to talk to the people. Pvt. Jacona spoke Italian, and that helped to get fruit and an occasional spaghetti dinner.

And all the time they were doing a job. The Gun and its crew made infantry advances possible and beat back counterattacks. Their observers crept forward ahead of the infantry and spotted targets for them. If there was anything at all romantic about the operation of Model M2A1, it was in the work of the three-man observation crew, who ducked rifle and machine-gun fire to spot enemy positions and spent long nights in caves and foxholes. The observers were Lt. Neil McPhail, a former salesman for Firestone in Cincinnati, Ohio; Pfc. Frank Baker, who used to drive busses in Elida, Ohio, and Pfc. Jesse Ferrell, fresh out of business college in Bristow, Okla.

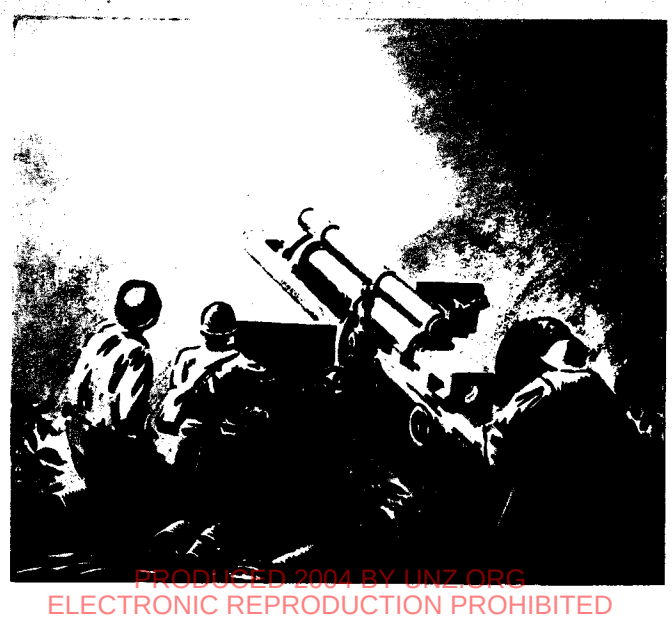
The Gun itself does essentially uninteresting work, and it is dependent on a number of equally prosaic little jobs: the men who string wire from section to battery, the men who run the supply truck up with the ammunition, the officers who do the thankless mathematics that makes the Gun hit where it's supposed to hit, the instrument corporal with his aiming circle, the cook with the chow. All these serve the Gun; and the Gun serves them.

Now that the Sicily campaign is over, Section 4 is waiting to push into the continent and keep on terrorizing the enemy. The Gun is still working and will continue to work until it is put out of action or retired after the war in front of an armory or in a public square.

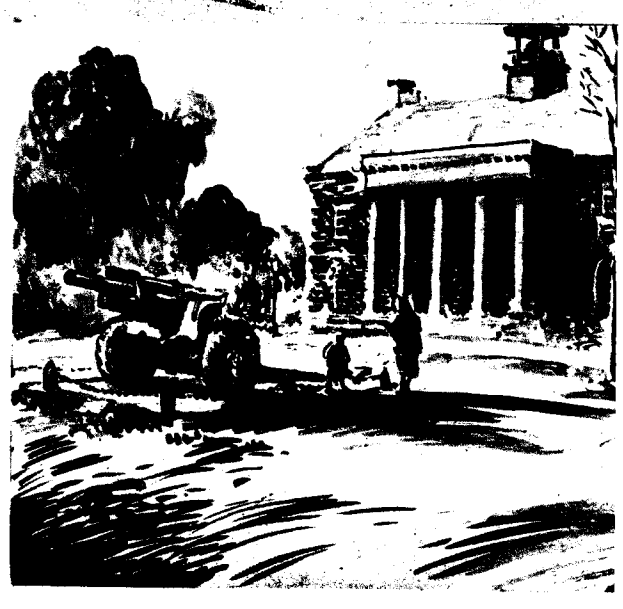
GUN

Lt. Neil McPhail, Pfc. Frank Baker and Pfc. Jesse Ferrell were observers who corrected the Gun's fire.

At one point in Sicily, the Gun fired 236 rounds in 12 hours. Even the mess sergeant carried ammunition.



The Gun will never rest until it is retired in front of an armory back home after the war.



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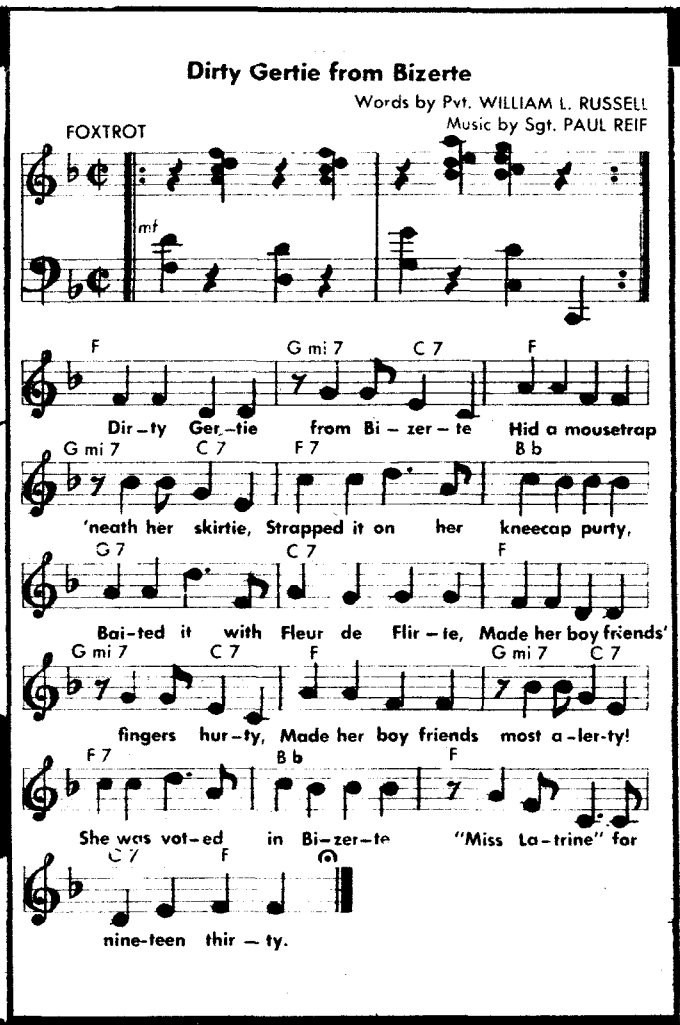
N AFRICA, PFC. GERSTEIN WEARS HER ON HELMET



Dirty Gertie from Bizerte

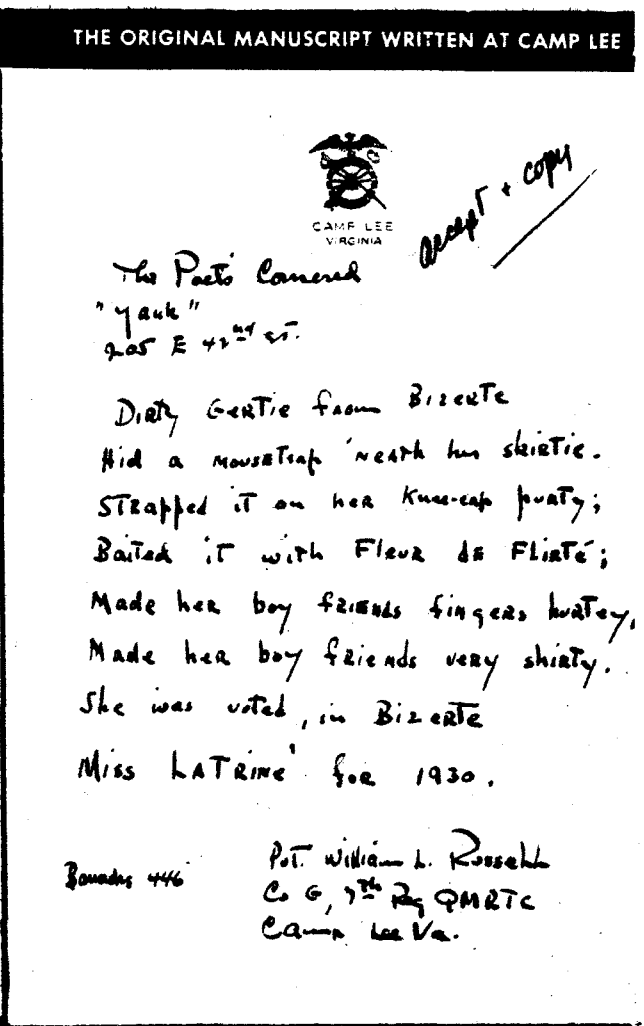
Words by Pvt. WILLIAM L. RUSSELL
Music by Sgt. PAUL REIF

FOXTROT

mf

F — Dir-ty Ger-tie from Bi-zer-te Hid a mousetrap
G mi 7 C 7 F 7 B b — 'neath her skirtie, Strapped it on her kneecap purty,
G 7 C 7 F — Bai-ted it with Fleur de Flir-te, Made her boy friends'
G mi 7 C 7 F G mi 7 C 7 — fingers hur-ty, Made her boy friends most a-ler-ty!
F 7 B b F — She was vot-ed in Bi-zer-te "Miss La-trine" for
C 7 F — nine-teen thir-ty.

THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT WRITTEN AT CAMP LEE



CAMP LEE VIRGINIA

accept + copy

The Poets Cornered
"Yank"
205 E 42nd St.

Dirty Gertie from Bizerte
Hid a mousetrap 'neath her skirtie.
Strapped it on her knee-cap purty;
Baited it with Fleur de Flirté;
Made her boy friends fingers hurty,
Made her boy friends very shirty.
She was voted, in Bizerte
Miss LaTrine' for 1930.

Remarks 446

Pvt. William L. Russell
Co G, 7th Reg QMRTC
Camp Lee Va.

The Low-Down On Dirty Gertie

The mouse who made the mouse trap famous isn't really a Bizerte babe. She started kicking the gong at Camp Lee in Virginia.

By Sgt. ARTHUR WEITHAS
YANK Staff Writer

DIRTY Gertie from Bizerte, the girl who seems to be the *Mademoiselle from Armentieres* of this war, is about as French or North African as Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom.

As a matter of fact, the dame who has watched the world beat a path to her door, because she developed a better mouse trap than Wallace Wade or Bernie Bierman, first saw the light of day in Camp Lee, Va., during a bad hang-over.

It was in that nest of medical and quartermaster trainees last November that Pvt. William L. Russell of Pelham Manor, N. Y., dreamed up the magic words, "Dirty Gertie from Bizerte." They kept running through his head. They had lots of room to run there that morning because he was suffering from the Jim-Jams after a hard night in a local juke joint and the distance around his squash was six laps to the mile.

Pvt. Russell was used to having strange words skipping and hopping about his dome during hang-overs, but usually they joined hands and formed limericks. The previous Sunday morning, for example, as he brushed the spots from his eyes, Pvt. Russell found himself muttering:

There was a young man from West Point
Who went out and got himself boint.
When his blisters grew woise,
He said to his noise,
"You call this stuff ointment. It oint."

But the words to Dirty Gertie were different. Instead of making with a limerick, they fell into a weaving conga line and came out as a sort of poem:

Dirty Gertie from Bizerte
Hid a mouse trap 'neath her skirtie,
Strapped it to her kneecap purty,
Baited it with Fleur de Flirté,
Made her boy friends' fingers hurty,
Made her boy friends very shirty.
She was voted in Bizerte
"Miss Latrine" for 1930.

Lt. Russell

Well, anyway, Pvt. Russell wrote this down on a piece of paper and sent it to YANK. The gnome on the YANK editorial staff who used to swing from chandeliers by his toes and select poetry for the *Poets Cornered* section stuck it into the Dec. 30 issue of this magazine under the title of "Tune From Tunis." Then Pvt. Russell forgot about the whole thing and went to OCS. A short time afterward, the gnome was discharged from the Army on a Section Eight and YANK forgot about it, too.

A few months later rumors began to drift out of North Africa about a terrific new song that the Army was singing called "Dirty Gertie from Bizerte." Everybody there heard *about* it but nobody actually heard the song itself. Finally, in desperation, Capt. Robert Neville, editor of the *Stars and Stripes* in Algiers, sent out a cadre of reporters the length and breadth of Tunisia to see if they could hear the song. The reporters heard nothing but a few verses of "The Old Mill Stream" being sung in a joint near El Guettar by a corporal and a T-4 who got insulted because the reporters refused to join them in the chorus.

"They sounded terrible," the reporters declared later. "Their El Guetter had one string and it was out of tune."

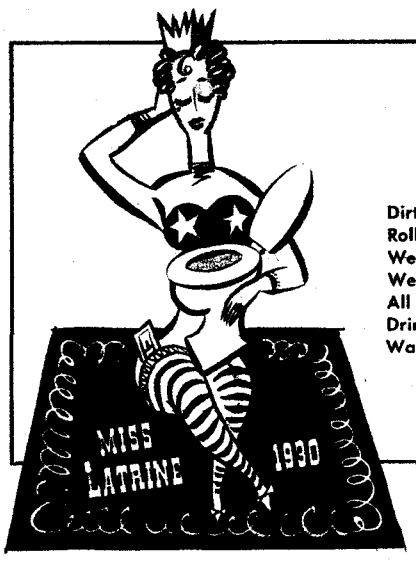
So the *Stars and Stripes* officially announced in its next issue that there was no such song as "Dirty Gertie from Bizerte." The British Edition of YANK also announced the sad news. But some diehards refused to believe it. "I know she exists," cried Sgt. Harry Ruskin in England. "Let's start a campaign telling all GIs to look around for this chicken."

In answer to the popular demand, Sgt. Paul Reif in North Africa decided to write the music for this song which had become so famous before it ever existed. Sgt. Reif was an experienced composer who had been responsible among other things for "The Isle of Capri"—but don't hold that against him.

So Sgt. Reif found the old copy of YANK with Russell's Camp Lee hang-over ditty and set it to music. He made only one slight change, revamping the sixth line and substituting "Made her boy friends most alerty" instead of the original "Made her boy friends very shirty."

The tune has been published by Reif and Russell—the latter now Lt. William L. Russell of the Corps of Engineers. Josephine Baker is featuring it over the radio in North Africa.

Lt. Russell wishes he could get Josephine on the radio. He hasn't the faintest idea of what the song sounds like.



A Couple of New Verses to "Dirty Gertie" By the Song's Original Author

Dirty Gertie from Bizerte,
Roll ze eyes and make ze flirty,
Wears no chemise and wears no skirty,
Wears ze veil and wan night-shirty.
All ze soldats in Bizerte
Drink ze toast to Dirty Gertie.
Was wan cute keed when she was 30.

Dirty Gertie from Bizerte
Saw ze captaine make ze flirty.
Captaine tink she veree purty,
Lose his watch and lose his shirty,
Call ze generale alerte.
Ze gendarmes look for Dirty Gertie
From Casablanc' to Gulf of Sirte.

Has anyone here seen Dirty Gertie?

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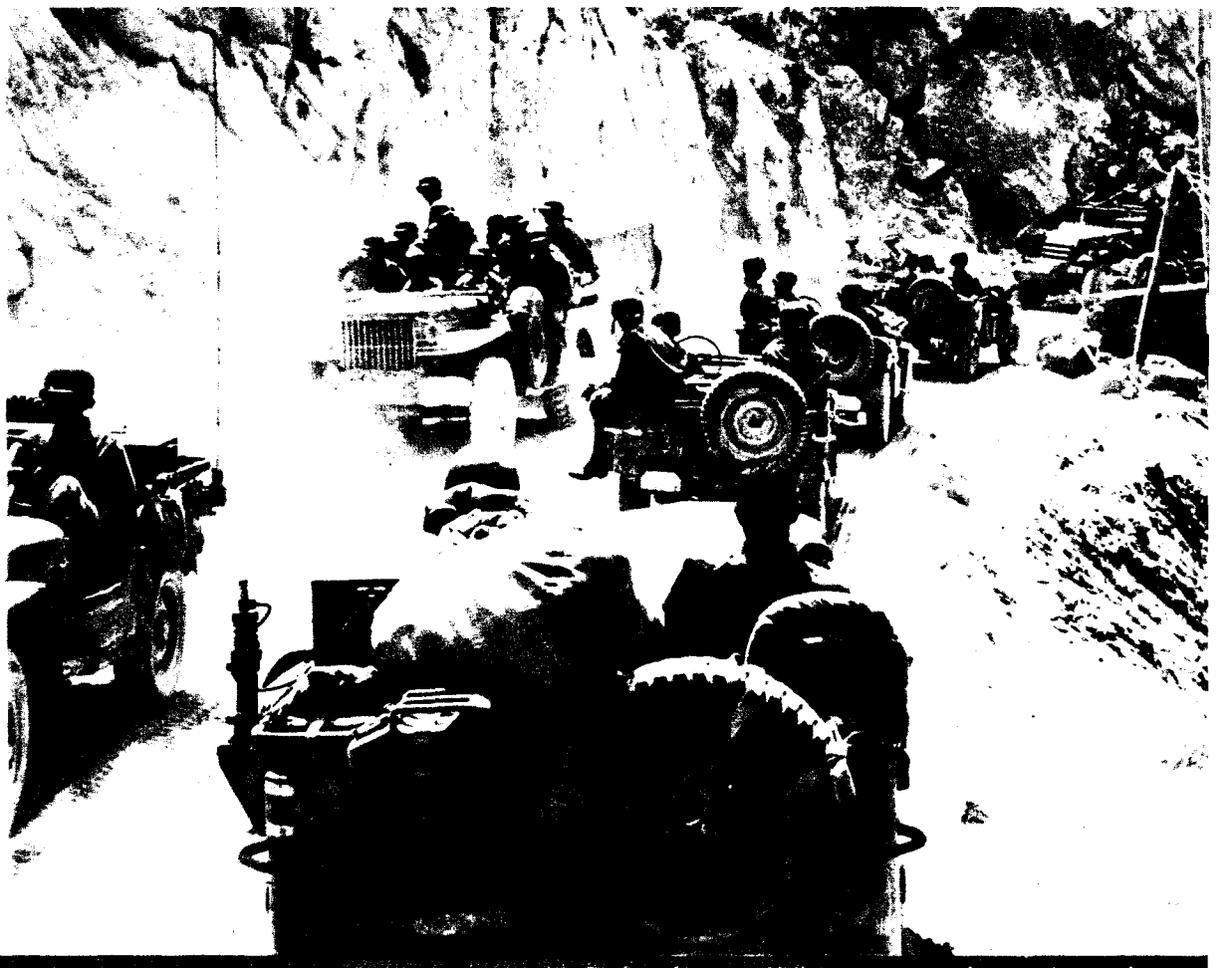

During clean-up, Sicily's narrow roads were jammed.

Peace Offer

Report from Messina

The Allies found it badly battered but the people still cook good spaghetti.

WITH U. S. FORCES IN MESSINA [By Cable]—I was not the first American soldier in Messina. I was not even the second American soldier in Messina. As a matter of fact, by the time I got there, the place was lousy with American soldiers.

My only distinction was that of being the first dogface to enter Messina from the north coast road. This made me the first American soldier in the towns of Grotto Pace Contemplazione Paradiso and Salvatore Dei Grace—a pretty dubious distinction.

At the moment Messina fell, I was with the 2d Battalion of an infantry regiment engaged in cleaning out what was left of the enemy in the area north of Messina. We were doing our cleaning out on foot—which isn't uncommon in the Infantry—because the Germans had blown up another bridge and the motor vehicles were unable to move forward.

It was a nice day, but hot—and the nicest thing about it was that it looked as though the Sicilian campaign were over. By 2 P.M. we were halfway to Messina, and we were sure it was over. At 2:30 we were taking a break by the road, eating dry bread and jam supplied by some natives, when a jeep came along the road from the north.

In the jeep were four men from another regiment: Capt. John Fenner of Portland, Oreg., munitions officer; 1st Lt. Warren Tegan of Twin Falls, Idaho, CO of a service company; Pvt. Edwin P. Margheim of Bazine, Kans., and Pvt. Frank Loforti of Fresno, Calif.

They'd heard that Messina had been captured that morning and were on their way to investigate. They had avoided the blown-up bridge by taking a mountain trail previously traversed only by goats.

I asked Capt. Fenner for a lift and climbed aboard the front right fender of his jeep when he agreed. This was how I became the first GI in the towns of Grotto Pace Contemplazione Paradiso and Salvatore Dei Grace, beating the other guys in the jeep by a good foot and a half.

The outskirts of Messina were bare and desolate. The houses were broken and there were no people around at all. We drove down a wide boulevard along the waterfront. There were sunken ships all along the shore, and we spotted one fairly large transport and a small Italian destroyer heaved over on their sides, looking like drunkards.

There was no sign of life until we were well into the town. A major and a captain were sitting in a jeep by the side of the road, and they waved to us as we passed. About two blocks farther down we passed four British soldiers sitting on the curb. They wore the insignia of the Eighth Army and they waved to us, too. We waved back, and Loforti clasped his hands over his head like a boxer.

MESSINA looked as though it had once been a very pleasant city. The streets were wide and there were many modern buildings. But now it was a mess, or at least the first six or seven blocks along the waterfront were a mess. There was one house that had nothing left but a wall, with a sign on it proclaiming something about how dying for the Fascist state wasn't really dying at all.

There was another house that had one wall blown off, but the room behind the wall was completely untouched. You could see the room was exactly as the people had lived in it: a table with a red-fringed tablecloth, some chairs, a lamp, a bureau and on the wall a picture of Rudolph Valentino, tilted a little bit to one side.

In the city we saw more and more soldiers. There were men with the blue-and-white patch of the 3d Division, and men with the red thunderbird of the 45th Division. Most of them were just walking around, poking in the rubble for souvenirs.

Finally we stopped our jeep to poke around ourselves in what looked like a promising bar. All we found were a lot of broken bottles. I had a funny feeling when the motor stopped running. All of us felt funny without knowing why, and then we realized it was because it was so quiet.

We were in a city but there were none of the usual street noises you associate with a city. There was the lap of water against the shore, and once in a while the hum of a jeep along the street, but that was all. Even soldiers walking around talked in low voices. It was as if the city were dead and noise would be unseemly.

After some more driving around, we found ourselves on a street above a bombed portion of the town. There was a big building there, untouched by bombs, and a British truck stood in front. A Tommy was bundling some Italian soldiers and sailors into the vehicle while a group of women and children stood around and watched.

On the steps of the building was a Sicilian girl eating a plate of spaghetti. She was about 16 years old and very pretty. We all watched her, and Capt. Fenner said, "Just look at that girl!" Pvt. Loforti said, "Just look at that spaghetti!"

The captain suggested that Loforti, who spoke Italian, ask the girl whether there was any more spaghetti around. Loforti went up to the girl and started speaking. She seemed glad to see him.

"I hope he remembers the spaghetti," said Lt. Tegan.

While we were waiting, a young priest came over and said something in Italian which none of us could understand. Then he took a piece of paper from his pocket and showed it to us. It was an American birth certificate, showing that someone with an illegible name had been born in Boston, Mass., on July 10, 1913. We pointed to the priest and he shook his head up and down, smiled vigorously, pointed to himself and said, "Americano, Americano."

By this time Loforti called down to us from the steps, saying there was more spaghetti but we would have to hurry up and eat it before it got cold. We followed the girl through a dark corridor to a small dining room. The room was bare except for a table and a few chairs, but the table was covered with plates of spaghetti and the room was full of Sicilians.

There were men, women and children, and even a few Italian soldiers. They all cheered when we came in, and some got up from the table to make room for us. They kept cheering and smiling and nudging each other all the time we were there, although none of us except Loforti knew what they were talking about, and he was too busy eating spaghetti to translate. The spaghetti was very good.

One of the women spoke English. She explained that this building had been the Admiralty before the Italians gave it up, but now the people of the neighborhood used it as a communal bomb shelter, where they came to eat and sleep. The woman also told us how happy the Sicilians were to see us and how they all hated the Germans. She was very anxious to know when we were going to open a clinic in Messina; she had been sick for a long time and had been unable to get the proper medical treatment while the Germans were there.

AFTER we finished the spaghetti, we said good-bye and went back to the jeep. There was an air raid going on across the Straits of Messina on the Italian mainland, and we could see it plainly. The three planes, which looked like A-36 Invaders, were diving in very fast, slipping through black puffs of flak. There was a lot of this antiaircraft fire being thrown up but none of the planes was hit.

As we got back into the jeep, there was a deeper sound of artillery from across the water, then a crash as a shell hit in the town below us. "I think we better go home," Capt. Fenner said. We started off in a hurry, taking the mountain road that cut west out of the town.

The shells started to come heavily into the town now, but none came close to us. They were apparently using 88s, because there was no warning until the shells hit. Looking back once, I saw a flash from the muzzle blast of some gun but couldn't tell whether it was an antiaircraft gun or a field piece. They started aiming for the road right after we got out of town and put one shell about 100 yards behind us. But now we were in the mountains, and from then on, most of the road ran under cover.

—Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

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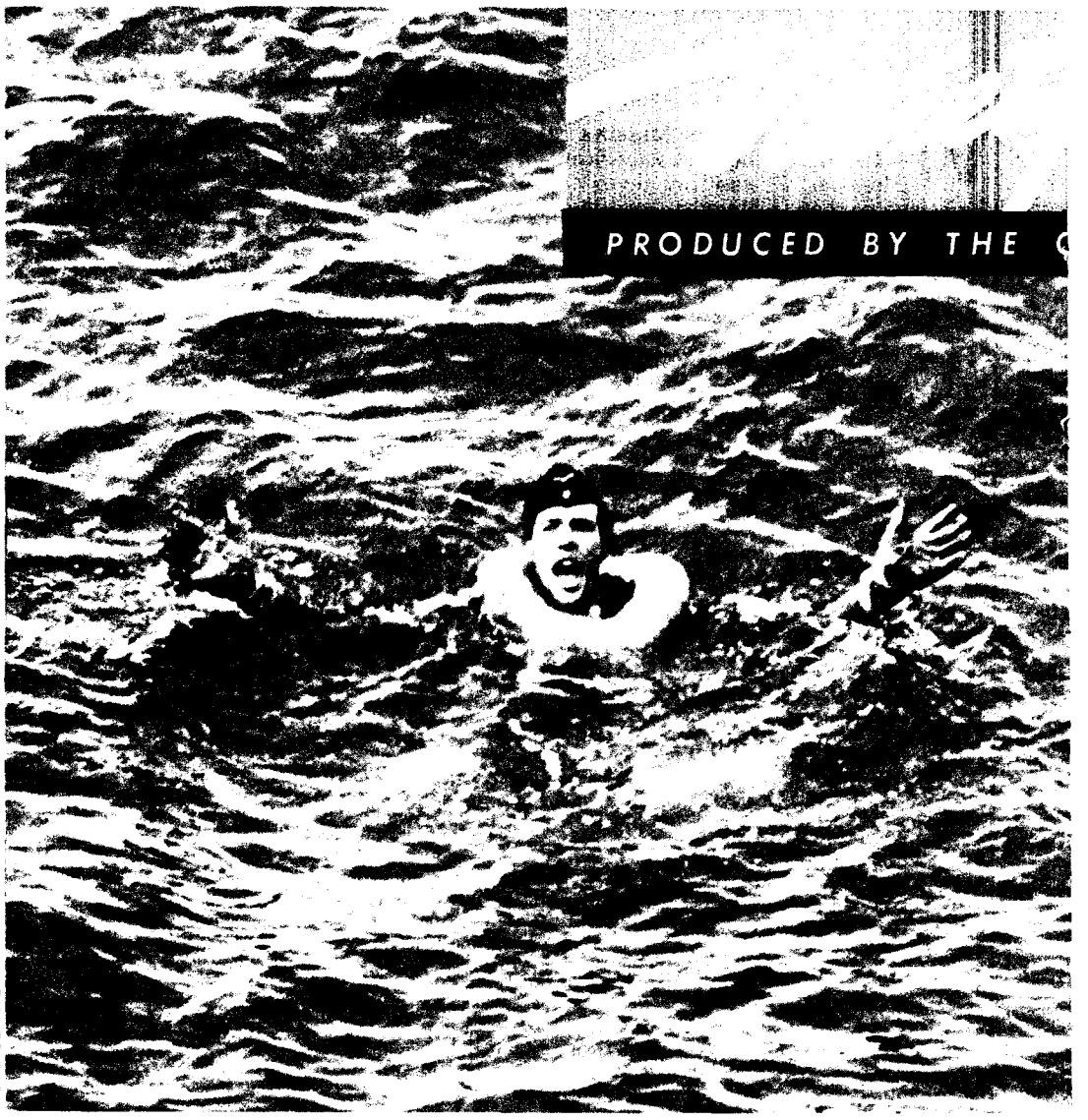
THE UNVEILING. This prize package, O'Neilia De Noux, got the title for the most beautiful legs in New Orleans, La., winning a War Bond and a lot of attention.

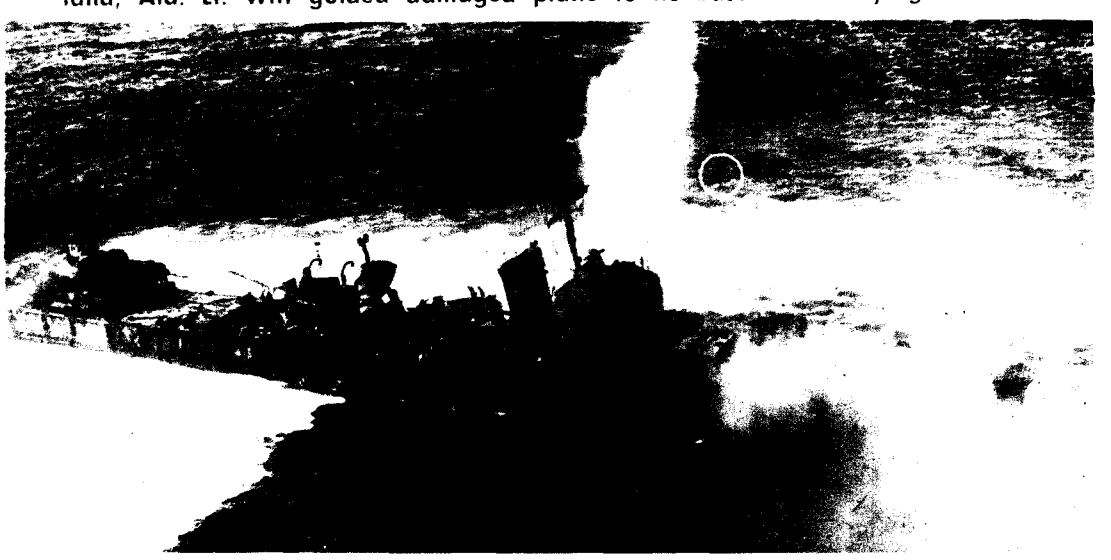


A German officer, bobbing to the surface from a sub sunk by a U. S. Coast Guard cutter, screams to be rescued. He is wearing an artificial lung.

SMALL WORLD. Sgt. Walter Gentry (right), 46, tells 1st Sgt. Edmund Gaultney that he's on the same transport, in the Pacific, that brought him back from first World War.

HERO'S WIFE. The DFC and Purple Heart, awarded posthumously to Lt. T. E. Witt of the Ninth Air Force, are pinned on his widow by Col. C. C. Scott at Fort McClelland, Ala. Lt. Witt guided damaged plane to its base before dying of wounds.

SLICK CUT. 1st Lt. John O'Connor of New York City is in good hands. He's getting a trimming in Iran from Pfc. Oscar Blank, who used to shear sheep back home.



LAST HOUR. It won't be long before this Jap destroyer hits the bottom. Left smoking and helpless by U. S. B-25 bombers which scored 14 direct hits, the destroyer was sunk by them the next day. Note falling bomb (circle) about to hit.

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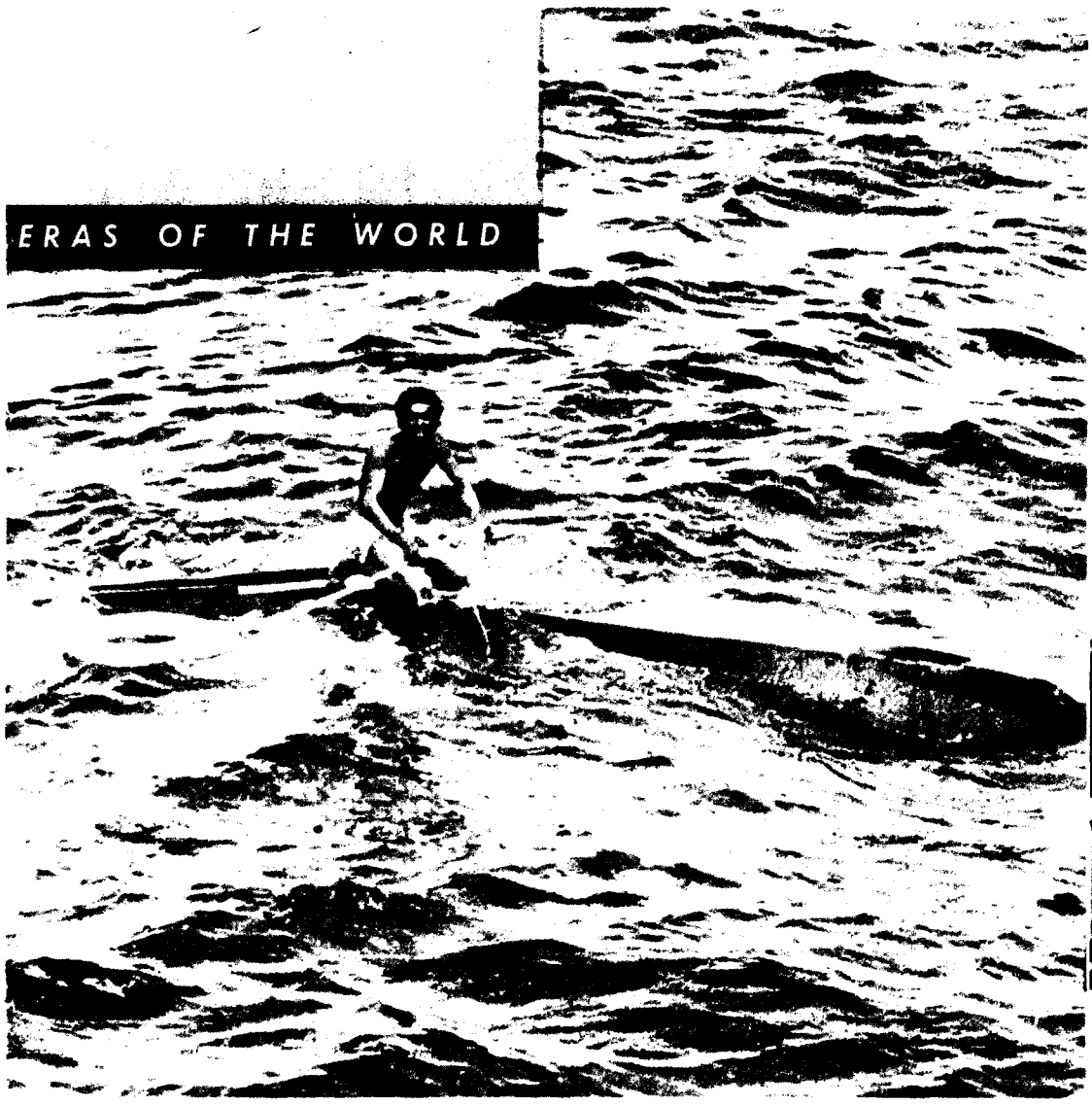
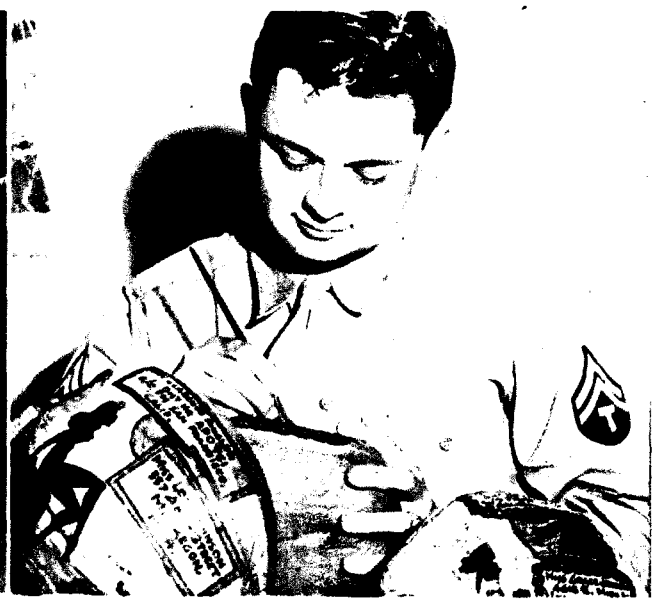


This grinning Jap hauls in a life preserver tossed to him by his "honorable rescuers." He was a crewman from a ship sunk by a U. S. submarine.

VICTORY HURDLE. Capt. Forrest Towns of Athens, Ga., cracked hurdle record at the Berlin Olympics in 1936. In Africa now, he's looking forward to another visit.

MASTER MARINE. An idol to younger marines is veteran Master Gunnery Sgt. Leland (Lou) Diamond, hero of the Solomons



COCONUT ART. T-5 Jack Frost paints his dreams on these coconuts and gives them to fellow GIs in Hawaii to send home to girl friends.

MARCHING THROUGH. Their backs weighed down with heavy equipment, members of a British patrol party file past wrecked houses in a town in Sicily, just after Gen. Montgomery's Eighth Army had taken it over. In the right background a cross marks an emergency hospital.

HAPPY JANE. The last picture on this page is designed to let you go with a glow. She's Jane Hale, Hollywood dance director.

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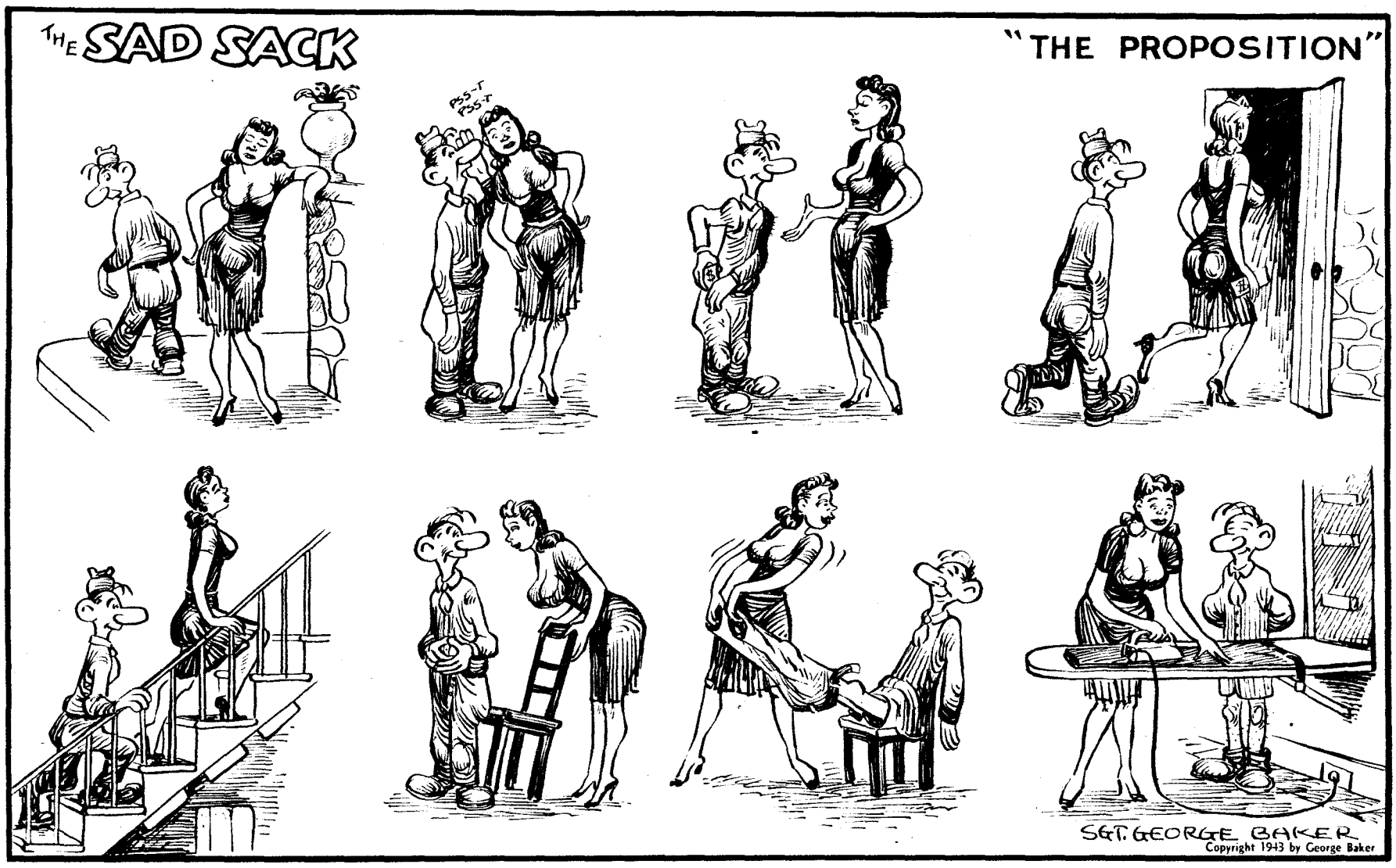

Preparation for Invasion

By Pvt. IRWIN SHAW

IT WAS at a bar. In Cairo, the heaviest military concentrations are at bars. From the bars of Cairo, these days, men fan out and conquer the world. The city has a good central location for conquering purposes, the natives are friendly and the climate is endurable on gin and beer.

Two of our brave boys far from home were enduring the climate in front of a pile of sliced limes that the bartender had thoughtfully prepared for the midday concentration.

This was a farewell meeting. One was leaving for India, the other for Sicily.

"Sicily," said the man who was going to India, staring moodily into his glass. "Why, you ought to have to pay the Army to be allowed in."

"There's no sense," said the man who was on his way to Sicily, "in going to extremes."

"In another week," said the man who was going to India, "you'll be in Italy. What a place to invade!" He closed his eyes in quiet ecstasy. Then he opened them bitterly. "And where'll I get to invade? China, Burma, Japan, tropical islands full of head hunters and malignant bacteria."

"The Burmese girls," protested the man who was going to Sicily. "You could do worse."

"Yeah," said the man on his way to India. "Figures not bad. Breasts, model 1943, angle of deflection 45 degrees. I admit that. But the faces—." He scowled at the limes. "Mediocre. You would have to develop the taste. But Italy—." He shook his head reverently. "All those pear-shaped Italian women, irritated at the Italians, full of gratitude at being delivered from *Il Duce* and *Der Fuehrer*. Do you know any Italian?"

"A little," said the man who was heading west. "I patronized an Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village for seven years. Lobster, Neapolitan style, with garlic sauce."

"Can you say, 'What are you doing tonight, Signorina?' "

"Yes."

"Roses, roses all the way," sighed the man with China on his mind. "A rich agricultural country with a climate like California's, full of sound little local wines. The Army should charge admission."

"I wish you'd stop saying that," complained the man on his way to Rome. "Some finance officer is liable to hear you and before you know it, you'll have to buy tickets two weeks in advance to get onto a transport."

"The sky is blue," murmured the connoisseur of Burman beauty, "the rivers are broad, the art of 2,500 years is scattered from one end of the land to the other. Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, the palaces of the Doges on the Grand Canal. And you will no doubt arrive in time for the opening of the opera season at La Scala. You will be a cultured man when you arrive in America. You will be in demand by hostesses for their parties from Park Avenue to Nob Hill. And I—." He laughed mirthlessly. "I will get to the romantic East in time for the opening of the monsoon season. I will be there for the mud-and-jungle meeting of the Jap-and-Snakebite Sporting Club. I will be in great demand by specialists in obscure tropical diseases when I return to America." He waved bitterly to the bartender to signify that he was ready to endure some more climate. "There is no justice in a war," he said.

"Perhaps you're right," said the man who was going to be at La Scala when the curtain went up. He also waved at the bartender, but not bitterly.

"It is going to be one of the great marches of all military history," said the man facing the Himalayas. "A long, narrow, green country, full of handsome people who have been enslaved for 20 years and are now being liberated, and know it. You will be greeted like water in the desert, like a circus on the Fourth of July, like Clark Gable at Vassar. The Chianti will flow like water. And can you imagine," he speculated, narrowing his eyes dreamily, "what it will be like to be an American lieutenant of Italian descent?"

"I can imagine," said the other in a low, pensive voice. "He would never reach Florence. He would be worn to the bone with hospitality, and would have to be invalided back to the States."

"Aaah," they both sighed.

"And after that, France," said the man on his way to Tokyo. He shook his head. "I can't bear it," he said as he paid the check. "The Army should really charge admission." And he went to the supply room to draw a mosquito net.

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WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Morgenstern

Ducker

Johnson

Frevert

Bourne

Dorsey

Cpl. "Garrulous Gus" Morgenstern in Alaska confesses to Pfc. Hashie Brown in Africa: "Was home on furlough. Took out your girl. Got nowhere." . . . T-4 Lawrence Ducker of Schoenschen, Kans., has been a maintenance man for his company in Australia for 19 months. He asks M/Sgt. Barnwriter at Camp Roberts, Calif., to write him and adds: "By the way, is it still raining in San Francisco?" . . . Pvt. Calvin Johnson of Pittsburgh, Pa., has been a QM truck driver in Australia for the past eight months. He tells his sister, Florence Johnson, a Wac back in the States: "Just got my diploma from Goldbrick University. If they ship you over here, I'll see that you attend the same school."

Pvt. Clarence Frevert, APO 914, c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif., wants to hear from Springfield (Ill.) friends. He's in charge of the hog farm at his overseas station and hunts gooney birds in his spare time. . . . Pvt. Charles H. Bourne of New York City, now in India, wants to hear from his friends who were graduated from the 368 Tech. Sch., Radio Class 42, Scott Field, Ill., in September 1942. Write to him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*. Cpl. Hamilton M. Dorsey of Evanston, Ill., now in the S. Pacific, tells Pvt. Kenneth M. Madison with the AAF in the States: "You know my address. Why don't you do something about it? There's nobody to write to here but the gooney birds."

Mail Call

Dear YANK:
I heartily agree with Holmes, O'Harra, Twildahl and Rodgers in their letters in an August issue that an organization that will take a vigorous stand for social and economic equality throughout the world is even more important than an organization to get special treatment for veterans of this or any other war. The security that our children will never be involved in a war would certainly be the basis upon which the fighting men of all the Allied nations could enter in agreement.

Corpus Christi, Tex. —A. SCOTT, ART2c, USN

Dear YANK:
Congratulations to Sgts. O'Harra, Twildhahl and Rodgers for calling for a veterans' organization that will be international in scope. This time we need an organization that will do its share to create a world of peace. This generation intends that the mistakes made at the peace table after the last war are not repeated.

Fort Sill, Okla. —Cpl. LEO MORAN

Dear YANK:
Here's another dogface in favor of forming an organization of our own after the war. . . . Can YANK print some editorial or suggestions on starting the organization now?

Louisiana —T-5 CLAY B. JONES

■ YANK's columns are open to all the discussion of this subject you want. We personally think it is yet too early to be organizing, but certainly not too early to be thinking about the question. For our ideas on a veterans' organization, see this week's editorial.

Dear YANK:
The way this fellow Allen Churchill Y3c writes about marked cards you might think every other guy who sits down to play poker is a crook. I liked the articles all right and all that, but ever since you printed them nobody will play with me any more. I'm naturally lucky at cards, so now every guy in my hut thinks I'm a crook. Will you please tell your readers that not every card player is a crook?

Britain —Pfc. HAROLD COLE

■ Okay, pal. Not every card player is a crook.

Dear YANK:
My thanks to your swell weekly for the interesting articles on gambling. I always loved to play blackjack, but I always was the loser, playing with a certain group of friends. (That's what I thought!) The last time home I visited the same dive. I picked up the cards and gave them the "Scarne Riffle," and, sure enough, those cards were marked. Now I know after playing all those past years in civilian life I have been cheated by my so-called friends.

New London, Conn. —THEODORE J. BORECKI F1c

Dear YANK:
It has been said a barracks bag will hold anything. This picture was taken at camp here to prove that point. Sgt. Lawrence K. Pegg, of Wichita, Kans., is the victim—the Sad Sack of Company E.

—Pfc. JAMES RUTHERS

San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Dear YANK:
Imagine my surprise when I recognized my old friend Thunder, the Great Dane of the 725th MP Bn., in a picture in an August issue of YANK. Thunder's civilian status was that of house dog of the Purdue Chapter of Phi Gamma Delta.

—Pvt. R. A. LANCET

West Lafayette, Ind.

Dear YANK:
I think Sgt. George Baker is right in keeping the Sad Sack stripeless. Think what that can mean in a pinch: Next time the Sack has to stagger by the gate guard and it's past the midnight deadline, all he has to do is take a cigarette, break it in half, put the pieces on his shoulders and he'll pass for a louey!

Santa Fe, N. Mex. —2d Lt. VICTOR F. SPELTA, AGD

Dear YANK:
In an early July issue Sgt. I. E. Kauffman requested an article on "How to live in Elizabeth County, Va." He also added that Congress should give all men stationed at Fort Monroe an additional 20 percent pay for foreign service. Well, us guys stationed here in Greenland feel for that poor sergeant, in fact our hearts bleed for him. We wonder what in the [censored] he is going to do when he hits some of these outposts.

Greenland —Sgt. JAMES W. SING
Pfc. CHRIS SORTINO

Dear YANK:
I busted OCS but remained there for graduation. Forty-eight of my former classmates made me the beneficiary of their dollars (for that first salute), and I'd like them to know it went to drown my sorrows; 48 toasts were drunk to 48 of the finest damned men in this Army.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Sgt. DEAN ROBINSON

Dear YANK:
Why is S/Sgt. Carulli wearing the AAF shoulder patch on his right shoulder [in an August YANK photo]?

Camp Sibert, Ala. —Lt. JOSEPH MARPLE

■ In the China-Burma-India Command the AAF patch is worn on the right shoulder and C-B-I patch on the left.

Dear YANK:
My buddies and I have been wondering if the ASTP has any distinctive insignia of its own. If there is none, may we suggest something be originated?

Monroe, La. —Pvt. G. K. SHUMRAK

■ As far as we know, there is none. Your suggestion is a good one.

Dear YANK:
A GI here claims he read in YANK something to the effect that those who were awarded the Good Conduct Medal were entitled to a monthly payment of $2.

New Haven, Conn. —Cadet C. B. CARROLL

■ No such allowance is or ever was made, and we're sure your pal didn't see it in YANK.

Dear YANK:
Sgt. William Anderson writes [in a July issue] that a fellow could use 20 V-mail forms and number them in consecutive order. I wonder if he is sure that they will be received in order, and if he is aware of the fact that V-mail is used to reduce weight. Twenty V-mail forms would equal two or three good old air-mail letters, the kind we fellows overseas love to get.

New Guinea —Pfc. HENRY S. ANDEL

Dear YANK:
T-5 Harry DeLong's remarks in a July *Mail Call* smack of a recruit fresh from the "Dreaded States." Had he spent a few years here in God's country he would realize that girls don't wait forever for a man to return to his native land from foreign duty. He is to be congratulated that he has someone who will still write to him. But to take the newspapers away from those of us who receive no mail but the home-town paper is unfair.

Alaska —T Sgt. ELLIS P. MYER

Dear YANK:
Would you please investigate why some of the post offices have not received orders on the new package regulations? My home is in Texas, and I wrote home asking for some things I needed badly. Mother showed the letter and request to the postmaster, who said he didn't know anything about it. I can't understand why they haven't gotten word.

Iceland —Pvt. F. C. RUSSELL

MESSAGE CENTER

A. OSCAR ALENDA from New York City, now in Africa, see *Message 2*.† . . . W. F. (ANDY) ANDRES, Australia, write to Lt. Walter T. Daniel, ATC, AAB, Long Beach, Calif. . . . T/Sgt. C. B. (DICK) APPERSON, who was at the PRO office at Albuquerque (N. Mex.) Air Field, write to Pvt. Louis Weintraub, Co. D, 846th Sig. Serv. Photo. Bn., 35-11 35th Ave., Long Island City, N. Y. . . . Sgt. JAMES H. ATHERTON, once at Fort Knox, Ky., see *Message 1*.*

C. PETE CAMPBELL of New York City, now in Africa, see *Message 2*.† . . . NIXON E. CAWOOD, once at Camp Roberts, Calif., get in touch with S/Sgt. Glenn E. De Priest, Hq. 3d ESB, Fort Ord, Calif. . . . BENJAMIN CLAIR of Buhl, Idaho, write to Cpl. E. G. Oliver, Hq. Det., 73d Ord. Bn., Fort Lewis, Wash. . . . Pvt. BELVIN COOPER, who was at Keesler Field, Miss., write to Pfc. Arthur L. Burke, Hq. Det. CMP, Internment Camp, Fort Benning, Ga.

D. Cpl. GEORGE T. DANFORTH, last heard from in Arizona, write to your nephew, Pvt. Henry Danforth, Box 146, Neah Bay, Wash. . . . Pfc. WALTER and Pvt. FRANK DE LA CRUZ, somewhere in Maryland, write to your nephew, Pvt. Alex Chavez, Co. K, 2d Bn., 1st Prcht. Tng. Regt., Fort Benning, Ga. . . . T/Sgt. GEORGE DONNA, radio instructor in the AAF, get in touch with Pfc. Albert D. Saieg, 858th AAA, AW Bn., Btry. B, Camp Hulen, Tex. . . . MILTON (BUDDY) DUKE, who left California in July 1942 for the S. Pacific with the USMC, write Pvt. R. H. Hereford, 1156 Sch. Sq., AAFSAT, Orlando, Fla. . . . CHARLES DULIN of Montgomery, Ala., write Cpl. N. T. Barnett, 1st Co., AST, Box 22, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J.

E. Will Lt. JESSIE ELLIOTT of Tallahassee, Fla., write Pfc. Fulton Roberts, Hq. & Hq. Co., 3d ESB, Fort Ord, Calif.?

F. Pvt. EDWARD FLEMING of Pottsville, Pa., last heard of at Keesler Field, Miss., write Cpl. Michael Tokarick, Co. M, 513 QM Trk. Regt., Camp Phillips, Kans. . . . T/Sgt. GEORGE J. FRITSCHE, who was at Mitchel Field, N. Y., write to 1st Lt. Fred H. Sorrough, 33d AD Sq., AAB, Blythe, Calif. . . . Cpl. DENVER FROST write to Pfc. Howard E. Graham, 7th Base Hq. & AB Sq., Dow Field, Bangor, Maine.

H. Pvt. BILL HARRIS, AWS, somewhere in Alaska, write to S/Sgt. Roy Wyatt, Co. C, 847th Sig. Bn., Camp Crowder, Mo. . . . HAL HARRIS, once stationed at Fort Bragg, N. C., get in touch with Sgt. Robert O. Hipp, 178th Ord. Dep. Co., Camp Barkeley, Tex. . . . Pvt. JOHN HARTMANN, N. Africa, write to Pfc. William Kennell, Btry. G, 212 CAAA, Seattle, Wash. . . . Pvt. E. H. HATTERY, USMC, who shipped out last April, write to S/Sgt. Bill Talkington, Co. C, 759th MP Bn., NW Sector PO, North Fort Lewis, Wash. . . . Cpl. MILO HICKMAN, 28th Bomb. Sq., 19th Bomb. Gp., write to S/Sgt. Jack Crowley, Hq. Co., 86th Inf., Camp Hale, Colo. . . . Cpl. CLEMON L. HICKS, USMC, get in touch with Pvt. Curtis O. Canups, Co. I, 2d Bn. 1st PTR, Fort Benning, Ga. . . . Pvt. ANDREW JACKSON HOLMAN of Huntsville, Ala., write to Pfc. Charles Tyler, Co. A, 269 QM, Camp Sutton, N. C. . . . Lt. Col. GEORGE HORSFALL, once at Camp Polk, La., see *Message 1*.* . . . Pvt. ALVIN A. HURWITZ of Cleveland, Ohio, get in touch with Pfc. Louis E. Stevens, 24th Gen. Hosp., Fort Benning, Ga.

J. Pfc. RAYMOND JOHNSON, last address: APO 860, N. Y., write to Pvt. George S. Carlson, 446th AAA, AW Bn., Hq. Btry., Camp Davis, N. C.

K. RAY KEATING of NYC, now in Africa, see *Message 2*.† . . . Will anyone who knew Cpl. ROBERT J. KIRKER at Del Monte Field, Mindanao Island, Philippines, get in touch with his brother, S/Sgt. R. W. Kirker, 705 Beech St., Coffeyville, Kans.? . . . BILL KRANYAND, at Fort McClelland, Ala., in 1941, see *Message 3*.‡

L. Lt. WILLIAM E. LEEDER, once at San Clemente Island, Calif., write to Sgt. Donald E. Wagner, 819th Sig. Port Serv. Co., Fort Dix, N. J. . . . 1st Sgt. RAY LONG, once at Camp Barkeley, Tex., see *Message 1*.*

M. WILLIAM MANNING of New York City, now in Africa, see *Message 2*.† . . . Maj. R. S. MARSE, in the AAF in the SW Pacific, write to S/Sgt. C. E. Watkins, Co. M, 415th Inf., Camp Adair, Oreg. . . . Pvt. MEL MEGERMAN, whose last address was APO 700, N. Y., get in touch with Pvt. Arthur Hoffnung, 1570th SU, Med. Det., Camp Breckinridge, Ky. . . . Pvt. RUDOLPH MILANI, once at Camp Croft, S. C., get in touch with Pfc. Frank McPartland, 507th Pcht. Bn., Co. F, AAB, Alliance, Nebr. . . . Lt. BOLLINGER B. MOORE, who was at Langley Field, Va., write to Lt. Edward Harris Jr., BTC 9, AAFTTC, Miami Beach, Fla. . . . Pfc. ALBERT MORRA, who was stationed in Hawaii and may be in Egypt now, write to Cpl. Charles Testa Jr., H & S Co., 652d Engr. Bn., Camp Livingston, La. . . . ED MYDLENSKI, at Fort McClellan, Ala., in 1941, see *Message 3*.‡

N. Will REED NAPIER of Pikeville, Ky., who was stationed at Fort Monmouth, N. J., write to M/Sgt. Robert W. Betz, Base Wea. Sta., Roswell Air Field, Roswell, N. Mex.?

**Message 1:* Write Cpl. Arthur (Benny) Bagley, Co. A, 315th Med. Bn., Camp Barkeley, Tex.

†*Message 2:* Write Cpl. Victor M. Sanchez, Hq. Co., 741st Tk. Bn., Camp Polk, La.

‡*Message 3:* Write Cpl. R. L. Kremin, 230 MP Co., Pakenham Station, New Orleans, La.

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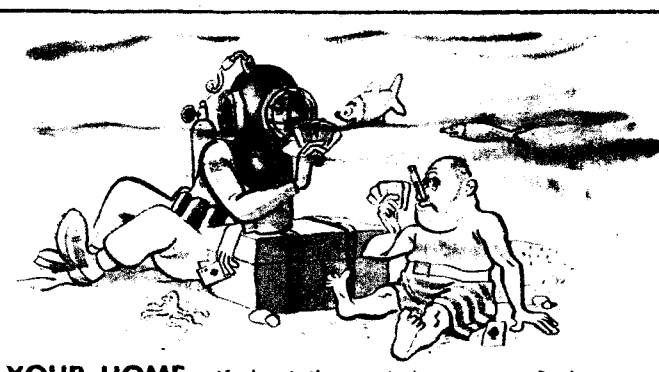
Handy Pocket Guide for Ex-Dictators

By Sgt. RALPH STEIN and Sgt. FRANK BRANDT.

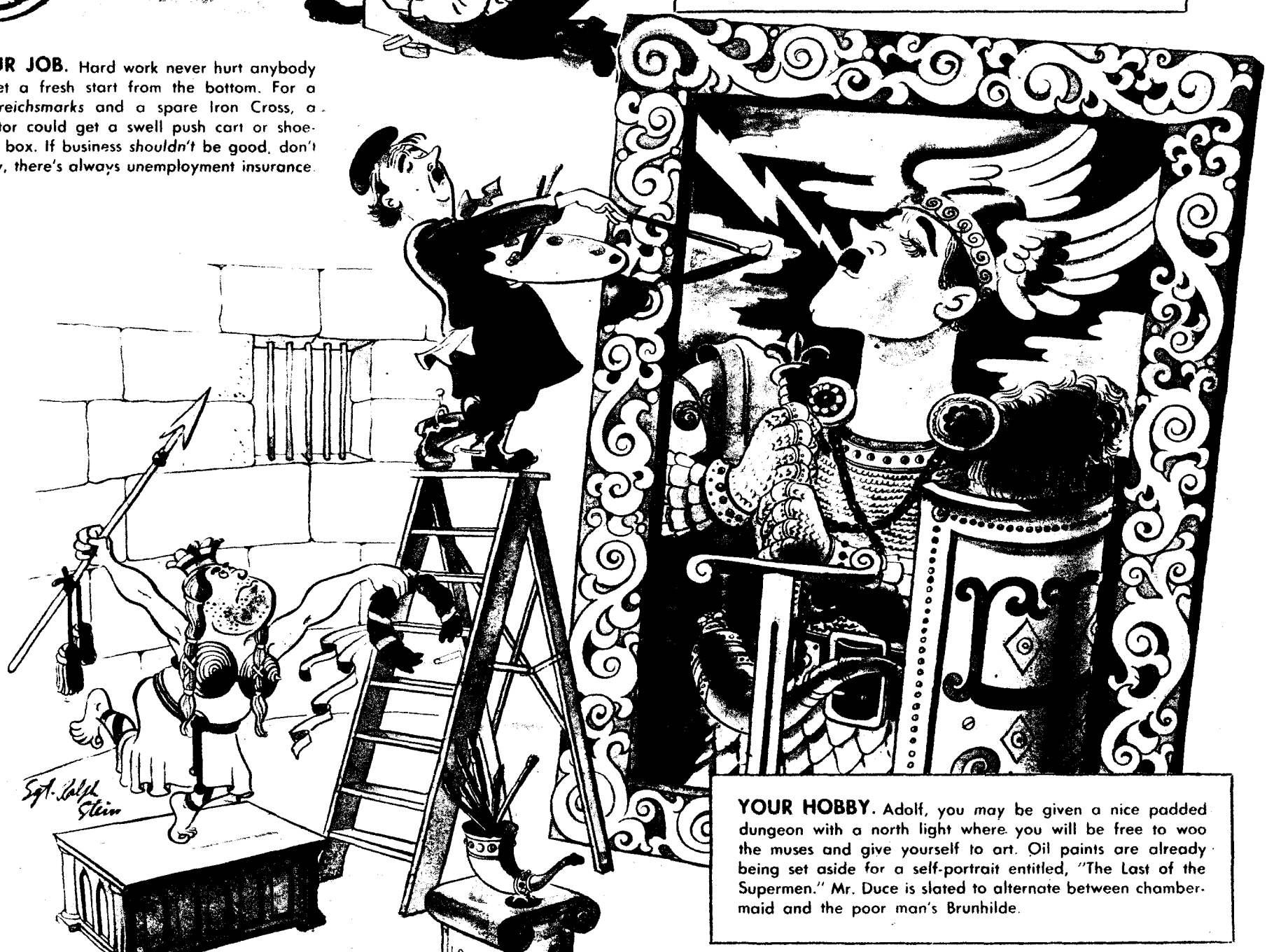
What will happen to the poor but dishonest dictator in the glorious post-war world? Should he take a course in television or just join a freak show?

THE GETAWAY is first and most important, but for old gangsters it really shouldn't be hard. Just slip into some cute, cool disguise, then scram across the nearest border but keep away from countries you conquered. You might swap in a Mark IV for a baby carriage and try to look like somebody going to collect her dependency benefits.

YOUR JOB. Hard work never hurt anybody so get a fresh start from the bottom. For a few *reichsmarks* and a spare Iron Cross, a dictator could get a swell push cart or shoe-shine box. If business *shouldn't* be good, don't worry, there's always unemployment insurance.



YOUR HOME. If the jails won't have you, find some nice quiet ocean, on the bottom of which you can probably get away from it all. Long winter evenings can be whiled away with poker (marked cards, of course) or just plain reminiscing about the old Brenner Pass, beer-putsch parties and who had the biggest and best balcony.



YOUR HOBBY. Adolf, you may be given a nice padded dungeon with a north light where you will be free to woo the muses and give yourself to art. Oil paints are already being set aside for a self-portrait entitled, "The Last of the Supermen." Mr. Duce is slated to alternate between chambermaid and the poor man's Brunhilde.

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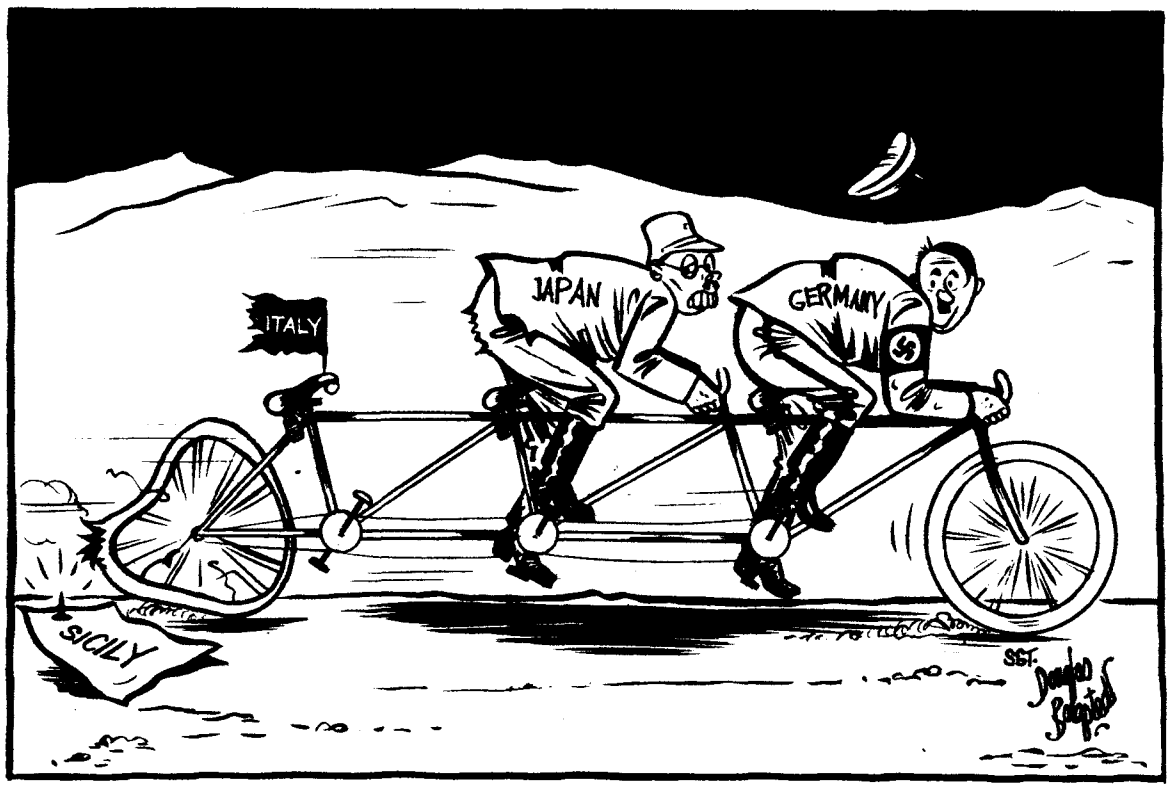
YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



The Army and the Legion

MANY letters have reached YANK from soldiers, chiefly men now overseas, which raise the question: After this war, are we going to join the American Legion or start our own organization, or have no part of any veterans' group? Some of these letters have already been printed and some appear in *Mail Call* this week. Others will be printed as soldiers express solid, thoughtful opinions on this subject.

Whether we will organize, and how, is a fair question. It should be considered now, even though the war has a long way to go yet, so that we will at the proper time make a decision that will be best for our country and ourselves.

There is only one reason for any veterans' organization, and that is to apply pressure to get done things that would otherwise be ignored and to correct evils that exist and those likely to arise. Let's not kid ourselves on this point. Men didn't join the American Legion or the Veterans of Foreign Wars to get a clubhouse in which to hide out from the ever-loving wife and ever-squalling kids. Nor did they join the Legion primarily to do the many good deeds the Legion has done, such as its great campaign for highway safety, its assistance to the needy and unfortunate and downtrodden. They joined the Legion to apply pressure to get things done politically.

Now the question is, when a strong pressure group is organized, how will the pressure be exerted? For what purpose will the screw be twisted? And if the answer is that organized political pressure is to be exerted for purely selfish financial and job considerations, then it would be better for our country if we didn't organize at all. A good many politicians will be running around the country after the war promising us soldiers everything from $1,000 cash money to 40 acres and a mule, provided we vote for them. Those politicians will be boring into any organization which the veterans of this war control.

Also, a good many soldiers who have been stuck in lousy climates on lousy assignments for a couple of years or more, or who have been through hell in combat, who left good jobs behind when they went to war and suffered serious financial and personal losses as a result of Army service, will figure the world owes them a living, and that a veterans' organization could give the American people a political hotfoot to get a free and easy living for the rest of their lives.

Anyone who served in Congress during the 1920s and 1930s, and who had his country's best interests at heart, can testify that in some instances the hotfoot was applied by war veterans' organizations for selfish reasons at the expense of our country's well-being. Thanks to the courage of the majority of our lawmakers, these pressures did not get out of hand. But the organized veterans of the last war number today not more than 1,136,000 in their largest organization. After this war there will be a potential 10,000,000 men and women capable of applying pressure.

That pressure can be applied for this country's great good, or for great harm. Every soldier who thinks about joining any veterans' pressure group must keep in mind the terrible effects of such pressure if it is selfishly and unthinkingly applied. So first we must realize that a veterans' organization has an obligation to this nation that is greater than the obligation to its membership. If we don't keep our country's best interests in mind all the time, and put those interests above our own personal desires, we might very easily organize a pressure group of 10,000,000 veterans that would wreck the country. It would be too bad, after the Army and Navy fought this war to save our way of life, for us to ruin our country. That could happen, and let's not kid ourselves.

Therefore the veterans of this war must have the courage to apply pressure against greedy and selfish elements both within and outside the armed forces. We must decide to weigh our every action not against the question, "What's in it for me?" but against the question, "Will it serve the best interests of our country?"

Once we have made that decision—and it must be made—then we can form our own organization or join an existing organization to make sure those interests are served. Then we can get those things done that should be done to keep our country great and strong domestically, and to insure that our country's foreign policy hews steadfastly to the goal of safeguarding the world against future wars. Then the pressure would mean something. And along the way we could apply incidental pressure to see that veterans get a fair break in the post-war world but not a more-than-fair break.

STRICTLY G.I.

Want To Fly?

THE Air Surgeon General's office says that about 10 out of every 100 men formerly unable to meet physical requirements for air cadet training will now be able to make it, because the tests in the future will be easier. Vision of 20/30, correctible, for instance, is enough to get by now. Hearing and dental requirements are also slightly lower.

So if you were turned down previously and still want to fly, it wouldn't be a bad idea to see your nearest Air Cadet Board and try again. A lot of EM still don't know the procedure of becoming an air cadet, so we will run over it again briefly.

You're eligible if you are between 18 and 26, and your education doesn't matter much. If you've had no college education, they will send you to college for five months after you pass the physical and mental tests. Or, if you've been to college, you'll go straight to basic training and then to a classification center. There they decide whether you will be a pilot, bombardier or navigator. A pilot gets 36 weeks of training—nine weeks of pre-flight, nine weeks primary, nine weeks basic and nine weeks advanced. A navigator gets 33 weeks training and a bombardier 27 weeks. An air cadet gets $75 a month while training. He also gets free of charge $10,000 worth of government insurance which he may continue after he is commissioned at his own expense.

If you have any other questions, write to the Adjutant General in Washington for his booklet, "Air Cadet Training."

Invasion Money

The War and Treasury Departments have released details on "spearhead" and "occupation" moneys, the special currency used by the Army when invading enemy territory.

Spearhead money, which was first issued to soldiers when we invaded North Africa, is the same as ordinary U. S. dollars, with a gold seal on the bills instead of the usual blue seal to distinguish them if they fell into enemy hands.

Occupation money, with the words "Allied Military Currency" on one side and the Four Freedoms in English on the other, is printed in eight denominations—from 1 to 1,000—in terms of the units used in the local currency of the country occupied. The currency now being issued to GIs in Sicily is the Allied Military *lira* with a decreed rate of exchange of 100 *lire* to a dollar. It is legal tender in Sicily and is interchangeable with the local *lira* currency. Occupation money is not intended to be permanent in Italy or anywhere else we invade, but will be used only until a permanent currency is established.

GI Shop Talk

Army Ordnance has built a miniature Nazi Westwall at the Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md., and American artillery was placed at a battle distance in realistic firing tests. When the guns finished, the Westwall was a shambles. . . . GIs at Guadalcanal built three chapels right after the Japs were cleaned out. . . . AAF camouflage engineers have developed nine basic camouflage colors for soldiers on any terrain any season of the year. Experiments show that a soldier can be made invisible at 10 paces. . . . The secretary of state of Illinois has been getting ballot applications from Illinois GIs and wants soldiers from that state to know that there will be no state election in Illinois this year. The primaries will be in April 1944, the general election in the fall.

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Double Dose

Camp Edwards, Mass.—Pvt. John J. Czeike was told to pitch his pup tent and hit the sack one night during maneuvers. Working in the dark, he found a grassy and comfortable spot, set up the tent and crawled in.

He was aroused the next morning by a squeal and a terrific odor. A skunk scampered out of his sack.

That was bad enough, but Pvt. Czeike discovered a few minutes later that he had bedded down in poison ivy.

Information Plus

Fort Benning, Ga.—Special dog tags were issued here to Cpl. Chin Wing when the Army found that it was mechanically impossible to put all the necessary information concerning Cpl. Wing on the normal 2-by-1⅛-inch tag.

Reading like a Chinese-restaurant menu, his 2¾-by-1¾-inch dog tags have the following:

WING, CHIN 31166470
CHOW CHU LIN
HOY PING HOY SUM CHOW
HUNG MUN LOW VILLAGE
KWANGTUNG, CHINA
TETANUS 42—43 BLOOD TYPE A
RELIGION—CONFUCIANISM

Penny for His Thoughts

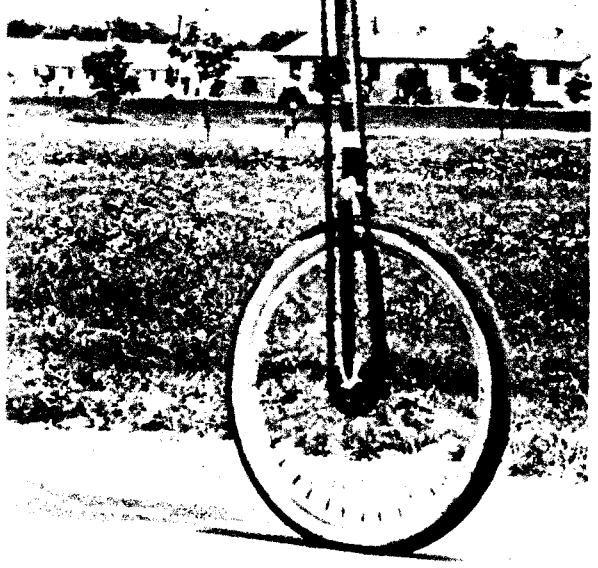
Daniel Field, Ga.—Pvt. John C. Giannini, 848th Chemical Co., got a very important letter. Its contents related to back pay from his former post, Stockton Field, Calif.

CAMP NEWS

As regulations decree, the letter went through channels, beginning with Giannini's former CO and ending with an endorsement by the base adjutant here. Giannini picked it up from the mail orderly and noted the subject:

"Underpay for separate rations for the month of June 1943." He also noted in the lower left-hand corner: "1 Inclosure—Inclosure 1—money." The amount due was attached to the letter with tape.

It was one penny.



RIDING HIGH. Pvt. Fred H. Steinlauf, onetime stuntman now at CRTC, Fort Riley, Kans., is an enthusiastic unicyclist. He's tried unsuccessfully to interest the government in starting a unicycle division.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Adair, Oreg. — Pvt. Eugene Fitzpatrick took off recently on a week-end pass, had himself a big time and returned only to find that his barracks were not around, no matter how hard he looked. His searching came under the eye of an MP, who questioned Fitzpatrick. A look at the private's pass revealed that he was wandering around in Vancouver (Wash.) Barracks, 92 miles from where he belonged.

Camp Blanding, Fla.—Pvt. Harry Kowal took a long walk with a Wave. It netted him a chafed ankle. He went to the dispensary for a bandage. There they found he had varicose veins and suggested an operation. He was sent to the hospital where they found he also had a hernia. He spent two months in the hospital.

Camp Stoneman, Calif.—An unidentified KP was lugging a stack of 25 plates across the kitchen. Brig. Gen. Wallace DeWitt walked in at that moment. The KP dropped the plates, saluted sharply, did an about face and double-timed out of the mess hall. All 25 plates were broken.

Fort Douglas, Utah—Pvt. Harry Petty quickly assented when his wife, a PX employee, offered to wash his hair. But when he looked in a mirror after she had finished, he failed to appreciate her sense of humor. His hair was a henna shade.

Fort Custer, Mich.—It had been a tiring drive from Calhoun, Ga., to Battle Creek, Mich., and Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. West were finding it difficult to locate this post where their son, Pvt.

SWING ARTIST. Sgt. Carmine Fifocelli beats the strings with a swing band at the Presque Isle (Maine) Army Air Field, but he was also a violinist and symphony-orchestra conductor as a civilian.

STUCK BY THE NUMBERS

Fort Sill, Okla.—Pvt. J. Casper, Battery E, 29th Bn., was on guard duty and made quite a showing when his knowledge of general orders was put to a test. Without hesitation, Pvt. Casper rattled them off like a veteran.

Finally came the question: "What's your serial number?"

Pvt. Casper couldn't remember.

SELF PROMOTION

This is William Freeman of the 212th AFA Bn., 6th Armored Division, Camp Cooke, Calif., who claims the doubtful distinction of being the only T-6 in the U. S. Army.

CAMP OLYMPICS. Two of the competing teams pass rifles instead of batons during the running of a 400-yard relay race at the Coast Artillery Post, Fort Miles, Del. This event, part of a big military track and field meet, caused many spills as the relay teams hit the sharp turns. Other events included an obstacle race and a shot-put with dummy hand grenades.

TWO UNIFORMS. But the same soldier symbolizing fighters for freedom. He is Pfc. William Shukorff, at Gowen Field, Idaho, whose Jugoslav kin are fighting guerrilla warfare which is hacking away at the Nazis. At left he wears a Macedonian soldier's costume.

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HOW TO SCARE A WAC

Deming Army Air Field, N. Mex.—A Wac was called into her first sergeant's office to get her assignment recently.

"You are to be given a berth in base reproduction," the sergeant told her.

The Wac almost fainted but recovered after having it explained to her that "berth" meant "job" and that "base reproduction" was just the formal name for the post print shop.

Ralph E. West, was stationed. Mr. West pulled his car up alongside a soldier directing traffic. He started to ask the way when the soldier said: "Hi, pop." The Wests had found their son.

Patterson Field, Ohio—Pvt. David Kreloff came home to Brooklyn, N. Y., on a furlough all set to be married to Lt. Evelyn Bernsweig, WAC officer in the Fourth Service Command. Army orders snafued the whole thing when the bride-to-be was shipped to Atlanta, Ga. Now Kreloff may have to fly to complete the deal.

Truax Field, Wis.—Entertainment note spotted in this post's daily bulletin: "Dine and dance at the Officers' Club Saturday night, 2100 to 0100. Dress will be optional."

Camp Wolters, Tex.—T/Sgt. Joe Stephenson, leaving for Fort Benning (Ga.) OCS, said goodbye to his buddy, T/Sgt. Robert Black. His heart was light, but his barracks bag was heavy and

NEW ARMY? There must have been some changes made to have this come tripping out of the sergeant's office! No, it's just Miss Betty Newkirk, Oklahoma City show girl, who was visiting Fort Sill, Okla.

seemed to get increasingly so each time he lifted it. When he arrived at his destination and unpacked, he found Black's surprise farewell gift—a 12-pound rock.

Fort McClellan, Ala.—Cpl. Irving Mannheim hitchhiked back to camp from a visit to Atlanta, Ga., but with difficulty. There was no lack of offers of rides, but Cpl. Mannheim refused them all—even swanky convertibles and blond-driven coupes. He waited for a truck, because he was carrying his big bass fiddle.

Fort George G. Meade, Md.—Pvt. Jerry Siegel finds it no easy task to cope with the many details of a buck private's Army life. Digging foxholes is tough, doing pots and pans on KP is a back-breaker, and to questions he can only answer: "No, he'll never join the Army; he'll never help me." Pvt. Siegel is speaking of Superman, the character of the comics he created.

NO DICE. Though Miki, a lioness, is mascot for the 515th Parachute Infantry Regiment at Fort Benning, Ga., Sgt. W. Cooley (left) and M/Sgt. S. Jharmark can't seem to interest her in parachuting.

ROLL CALL

In the same company and occupying the same barracks at **Fort Devens**, Mass., roll call will find Wacs Laurene England, Anne Ireland and Berenice La Frantz. . . . Pvt. Myles Standish at **Jefferson Barracks**, Mo., claims direct descent from the original captain. . . . Pvt. Andy Gump enjoys the comics as a member of the 201st Port Co. at **Indiantown Gap Military Reservation**, Pa. . . . Out of seven Indians lined up in one organization at **Camp Sibert**, Ala., six answered to the name of Adkins. . . . T-5 Werner Jeep drives a jeep for Co. A, Maintenance Bn., 20th Armored Div. at **Camp Campbell**, Ky. . . . **Gore Field**, Mont., picks them from politics, literature, big business and theology with GIs named Samuel Adams, Woodrow Wilson, Marshall Field, Charles Lamb, St. Peter and James Madison. . . . Axis namesakes show up at **Camp Claiborne**, La., with Cpl. Turney G. Hitler, Cpl. Hiram D. Duce and Pfc. T. S. Goehring, all members of the 361st Engineers. . . . Cpl. Clarence R. Short is tall (6 feet 2) and Pvt. Robert H. Long is short. Both extremes are at **Fort Harrison**, Mont. . . . General Shoulders is a private first class and Colonel Johnson is a corporal, and both are members of the same Artillery outfit at **Camp Livingston**, La. . . . Tongue twisters at **Camp Stewart**, Ga.: Pfc. Spyrodionysios Georgeopoulos, 462d Bn., and Pvt. Richard J. Szczesnizkiewicz, Service Command Detachment.

Don't hog that story, chow hound. Let us in on it and we'll relay it to your buddies in other camps. That picture you thought was so good—share it with other GIs by sending it to YANK, Camp Features, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

OLD ROUTINE. When Alice Swanson of New York City visited her friend Pvt. Don Byrnes at Camp Croft, S. C., they retraced a lot of old steps. They had been partners in adagio dancing for 13 years.

FIELD SHOWER. The helmet has more than one use for these soldiers at Fort Knox, Ky. They rigged up a cold shower by hanging helmets on an overhead pole, all part of their two weeks' training in the Armored Replacement Training Center's battle-conditioning area.

PLENTY DOUGH. A million pounds of it in fact, baked for soldiers on maneuvers, at the San Antonio QM Depot, Fort Sam Houston, Tex. Here, Pvt. Elwood O'Neal, of Co. D, the 99th QM Bakery Battalion, places dough in neat lines ready to be "docked" (have holes punched in it) before baking. The million-pound total was rung up in 2 months.

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No Glamor in Soldier Shows

"GLAMOR? Say, don't make me laugh," said Ada Leonard, crossing her legs and making a funny face. "There's as much glamor in trouping Army camps as there is in digging slit trenches."

"Ada," rebuked her press agent, "this is for an Army magazine."

"So what?" asked Ada scornfully. "So who are we kidding? This glamor business—it's getting on my nerves. Anyway, no outfit ever picked me to be the girl they'd like most to have pneumonia with or guard on a lonely South Sea Isle. And I've been to an awful lot of camps."

She has, too. Ada Leonard and the 16 dolls in her All-American Girl Orchestra have been hitting Army and Navy posts on the USO coast-to-coast circuit for the past two years in straight six-month stretches. They have played practically every post in the country that has stage facilities, and a few that don't.

Did Ada like playing for servicemen? Not especially. Then maybe she did it for the money? No, she was lucky to come out with expenses paid. For the glory? You can't buy cigarettes and nylon stockings with glory. Possibly she was carrying a torch for a soldier boy friend?

Ada Leonard

"Listen, Dr. IQ," flared Miss Leonard, "I'm not carrying a torch for anybody. I haven't any boy friend in the service. Must I have a reason for playing soldier camps? I haven't any reason. I just do it, that's all."

Ada Leonard was born in Lawton, Okla., 25 years ago. Her mother is Irish, her father English and they were old-time vaudeville troupers. Lawton is located a stone's throw from Fort Sill, and Momma and Poppa Leonard used to carry Ada to camp when they entertained GIs there during the first World War. And she's been in the show business ever since.

Playing the USO circuit, Ada explained, was mostly routine stuff plus a lot of hard work. Her nearest approach to romance was when a dogface at Chanute Field, Ill., tried to make a pass at her in the back of a bus. "He was a little high," she said. "I talked to him like a big sister, and he calmed down."

The loudest applause she got was when she was playing at Camp Cooke, Calif., in January 1942. Her skirt fell down in the middle of a dance number and the fellows thought she was going to do a strip tease. But she snapped the skirt back into place and finished the dance, while gloom descended on the house.

When she played at Camp Edwards, Mass., in September 1942, her trumpet player took sick, so they picked up a soldier from the camp to fill in. They put a dress and a wig on the guy, and no one in the audience knew the difference. "He was the best trumpeter that ever played for me," she added.

All in all her audiences have been pretty swell, except for the time she played at a certain Naval station in New England last February. The first three rows of the theater were filled with gold braid and their wives. The next five rows were empty because they had been reserved for some more gold braid that didn't show up. The rest of the house was loaded with sailors, and some were standing in the back. Every time the sailors would holler and whistle, the officers' wives would turn around and stare at them coldly. Then they'd turn back and stare coldly at Ada and her girls.

"They made me feel like I was standing in front of a firing squad," Ada said.

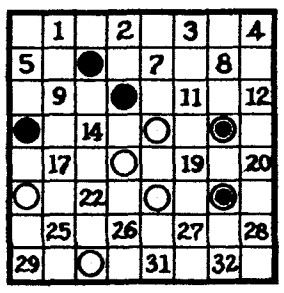
CHECKER STRATEGY

WHITE TO MOVE AND WIN

HERE'S one case where a single man has more power than a king. White seems to be in a dead loss; his position appears utterly hopeless.

But White moves and wins—cleverly turning the tables on Black by a series of sparkling sacrifices! See how?

Before checking your analysis with the answers on page 22, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown.



Letter Division

CAMOUFLAGED long division—that's what this is. A regular problem in long division but with letters substituted for numbers.

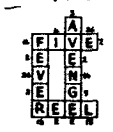
You don't have to be a whiz at math to dope out what numbers the letters stand for. Plenty of clues, and you ought to spot them all.

For example, it's easy to see that A must represent 1. Because A times AYN equals AYN. As soon as you discover the number value of a letter, write down the number in the space below the letter every place that it occurs in the problem. You can check your answer on page 22.

```
        A A E Y U
A Y N)C A N T E E N
      A Y N
      -------
        T N T
        A Y N
        -----
        A C T E
        A N Y N
        -------
          A L E E
          A V V N
          -------
            A C E N
            A C E N
            -------
```

TEE-TOTAL

HERE'S a chance to win one of YANK's big Puzzle Kits, which will be given as prizes to GIs (and that includes *all* branches of the service—Navy, Coast Guard, etc.) who submit the highest scores on this puzzle. If you haven't tried this word game before, start now.



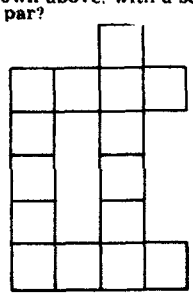
Simply fill the diagram with four good English words. No proper nouns (that rules out names of persons or places).

Add up the number values of the 15 letters you have used, giving each letter its value as shown on the chart below. The idea is to use words which have letters of high value. *In adding your score, count each letter only once.*

A sample work-out is shown above, with a score of 138. Can you beat that par?

LETTER VALUES

A	3	N	14
B	22	O	5
C	6	P	12
D	8	Q	17
E	2	R	13
F	16	S	10
G	9	T	11
H	24	U	1
I	4	V	26
J	20	W	7
K	25	X	18
L	15	Y	23
M	21	Z	19



Score..... Submitted by:

Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue if you are in the U. S., within *eight weeks* if you are outside the U. S. [9/10]

COAST TO COAST. The Little Music Box Club in Cleveland, Ohio, was forced to move across the street when its former location became a WAC hospital. . . . Marian Anderson and Lawrence Tibbett may head a mammoth outdoor musical pageant to be held in Detroit, Mich., under the sponsorship of the Michigan Civil Rights Federation. . . . The Gayety Theater, Washington, D. C., has opened its fall burlesque season. . . . The Broadway Theater in Springfield, Mass., inaugurates a big-name band policy soon. . . . Fire messed up the 8800 Club on U. S. Highway 40 near East St. Louis, Ill. . . . After being closed for five years, the Alhambra Theater in Milwaukee, Wis., came to life with a showing of "This Is the Army.". . . The Dallas (Tex.) Little Theater is being turned into a picture house. . . . Sigmund Romberg has announced that the complete cast for his coming concert tour has been selected. The series of "Evenings with Sigmund Romberg" opens in New York's Carnegie Hall. . . . The Salmaggi series of popular-priced opera performances will open at the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Academy of Music with Bizet's "Carmen."

BAND BEAT. GI musicians everywhere who are using Martin Band Company instruments can get, for free, a $25 after-the-war purchase bond by sending in the following information to that company at Elkhart, Ind.: Your name, home and service addresses, serial number of the instrument you are now using and whether it is your own or issue. The bond will be good at any Martin dealer as part payment on after-the-war purchases. . . . Ted Fio Rito, Johnny Long and Jerry Wald will follow Van Alexander into Roseland in New York City. . . . Woody Herman and his crew are playing in the Hotel Sherman's College Inn, Chicago. . . . Russ Carlton and orchestra are at the Eagles Ballroom in Fall River, Mass. . . . Lucky Millinder and band, with Sister Tharpe, are at the Casa Manana, Los Angeles. . . . Because of salary demands among his musicians, Tommy Dorsey has broken up his orchestra and is organizing a new crew.

HOLLYWOOD. Johnny (Tarzan) Weismuller took part in a real-life drama recently when he rescued a drowning boy, Richard Anderson, 15, at Santa Monica, Calif. . . . Co-starring with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray in "Double Indemnity" will be Edward G. Robinson, playing an insurance investigator who solves an attempted perfect crime. . . . Ginger Rogers is back at RKO where her screen triumphs began. She faces the cameras in "Tender Comrade," a story of women on the home front. . . . Walter Huston is the latest to be sounded out for the part of Adolf in Paramount's "The Hitler Gang." . . . Janet Blair has been signed by Columbia to appear opposite Cary Grant in "My Client Curly." . . . Mary McCarty was one of the original Vitaphone kids when she was 7. At 19, she was signed by 20th Century-Fox to a long-term contract after executives heard her sing in a Hollywood night club. . . . After Paulette Goddard completes "Standing Room Only," she will go on a USO Army camp tour. . . . Dorothy Lamour and Johnnie Johnston will head the heart-throb department in a Technicolor musical, "Rainbow Island."

Ginger Rogers

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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POST EXCHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.

TO THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND

Oh, I could write and say I miss you so.
That I have traveled far and never found
A rose to match the radiance of your glow;
A voice to touch the music that you sound.
Oh, I could tell the nights I have not slept
And cursed the space that kept us far apart.
And I could count the silent tears I've wept
But could not soothe the aching of my heart.
Yes, I could name the many girls I've scorned
Who held soft invitations in their eyes,
And all the sweetness lost and never mourned
Of aching tenderness and melting sighs.
Oh, I could pledge my love until eternity.
But darling, what a liar I would be.

Chanute Field, Ill. —Sgt. EDWARD SCHAPIRO

"Five Minutes After I Left You . . . ."

We had been on the road a long time and when we finally hit this camp and found it was near a big city, the three of us skipped chow and lit out for town. "This is supposed to be a soldier's town," Red Ducharme said.

"'Soldier's town'—meaning they rook you with a smile," Razz, the old soldier, said.

"Aw, stop beefing," Red said, straightening his eye and brushing up his pfc. stripe as we stepped off the bus. "There's plenty of gals here, and I understand they're willing and anxious to be patriotic."

"Another latrine rumor," Razz told him. "One thing, no matter what happens, we skip the USO. I'm in no mood to play ping-pong tonight. Hey, you notice there aren't many soldiers here."

It was true; you didn't see many soldiers on the streets. In fact you hardly saw anybody. The streets were pretty well empty and dead. We cased the town. We saw lots of girls, all under 12. We got tired of walking and went into a crummy-looking beer joint and had a few. Some girls were dancing with their 4-F boy friends. A couple of middle-aged women were sitting by themselves.

Ducharme gave them the eye and fixed his hat at the proper cockeyed angle. "What the hell, they're not too bad looking," he said and strutted over.

"Are you in the Air Corp?" one of them asked. "I have a grandson in the Air Corp."

"That's swell," Red said; he's tough and can take anything. "Suppose I sit down and talk it over?"

One of the other grandmothers took her teeth out of a glass of cold water and snarled, "Beat it, character!"

We went into another beer parlor. The barkeep was friendly. "Any dames around?" we asked.

He nodded. "Some real beauties—so they say."

"Where are they?" Razz asked.

"I don't know," the bartender said. "I been looking for them myself. Of course I've only been here 10 years."

Ducharme stood up. "This is disgusting," he said. "I'm going to wolf it alone."

We said okay and he went out. Razz and I had a few more beers and scouted the town again. A cute-looking girl waiting for a street-car stopped us with "What time is it, soldiers?"

"Eight P.M., honey," we said eagerly.

"Good Gawd—as late as that! My mommy will bawl me out for coming home so late."

"Good-bye, honey," we said. We walked around some more; then I said: "Let's drop in at the USO and knock off a couple of letters."

"You drop in," Razz said. "See you in camp."

The USO was nice and quiet, and I wrote two letters and danced with a gal who can rent herself out as an ice cube any day. I went back to camp. Ducharme and Razz were asleep: you could tell from their heavy snoring that they had hit the hay some time ago. It was almost midnight.

The next morning as we came in from roll call, Ducharme yawned and said, "What a night! Five minutes after I left you guys I walked into Lana Turner's twin sister. Had an apartment of her own. I was up all night." Red winked. "Hope I can duck the dog today and grab some shut-eye. I'm knocked out."

I asked, "Just after you left us, huh?"

Red nodded. "Just about five minutes."

"I didn't do so bad either," said Razz. "Just after I left you, some blond came by in a car and gave me a lift. She was lonesome as hell. We rode around for a while and then went up to her hotel room and killed a bottle. She was really stacked—and like a stove."

"I must have been asleep when you got in," I said.

Razz thought for a moment. "Must have been about 4 in the morning when she drove me back to camp. You have any luck?"

"Yeah," I said. "Couple of minutes after I left you I walked down to that boathouse by the river, and a babe was swimming in the moonlight. A redhead—looked like the champ of all the pin-up girls. We got to talking and first thing you know, I stripped to my shorts and we swam out to her yacht. Big boat. She has all kinds of dough, two Packard roadsters and a trunk full of C cards. Husband died and left her a wad. We had some time—just the two of us. Going out there again tonight."

Razz looked at me. "Sounds good. When did all this happen?"

"About five minutes after I left you," I said, staring him right in the eye.

Wright Field, Ohio —Pfc. LEN ZINBERG

INSPECTION

All of them grabbed the bus into town;
Some of them went for the dance,
Some of them went for the bottled stuff,
And a few just to press their pants.
But they all had somewhere they planned to go
For drink, or dance or confection.
But I stayed in, went early to bed;
I got gigged at inspection.

Camp Robinson, Ark. —Pvt. MAX GOODMAN

CAMP SHOW

As I recline upon my seat
Of dirt and cushioned stone,
The curtains part, a cheer goes up,
The Camp Show has begun!

And now we see some magic tricks
Controlled by farce and thunder;
Houdini hadn't a thing on him,
Why he's a perfect wonder.

And now four guys come strutting out,
All spangled in black pants;
They trip the light fantastic
In a soft-shoe shuffle dance.

And now two gagmen, now a stooge.
And now the endless drone
Of two men playing mightily
Upon a xlyophone.

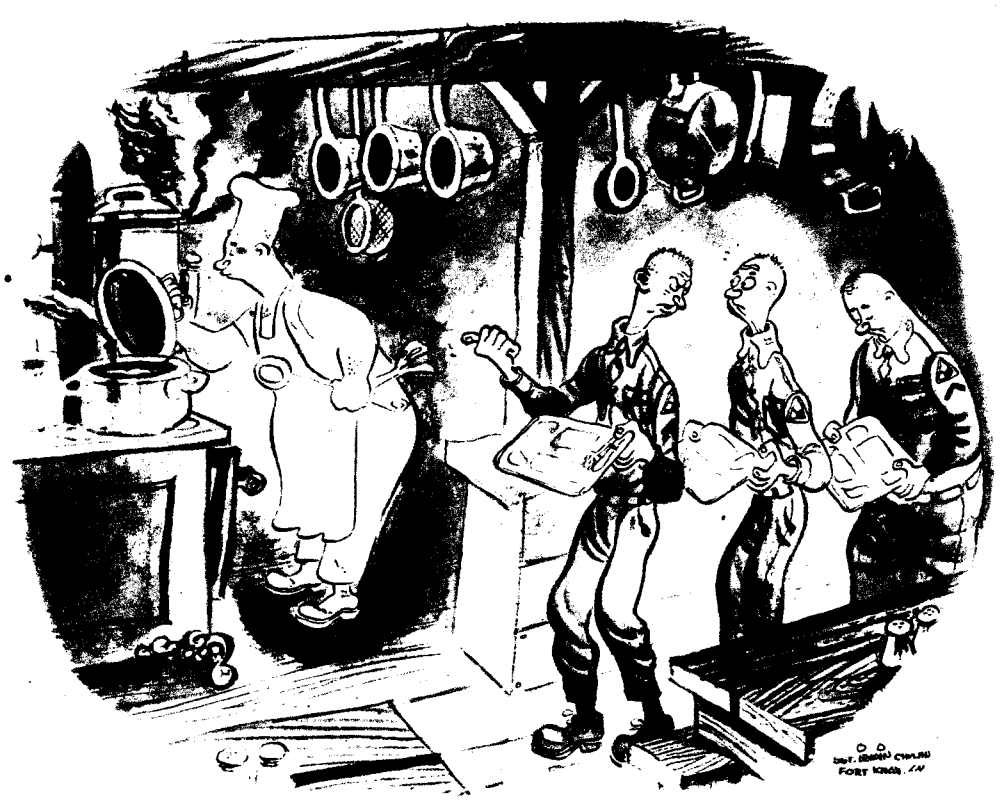
But while these acts are going on
There comes this mighty shout:
*"Where in hell are all the girls
You advertised about?"*

Sheppard Field, Tex. —Pfc. MARV LORE

ACQUIREMENT

I've acquired something quite useful in the Army
That a genteel person despises:
The ability to dispense all kinds of profanity
Whenever the occasion arises.

Camp Crowder, Mo. —Pvt. LOUIS FISHER



"He still insists he doesn't use saltpeter."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplon, Fort Knox, Ky.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY. White pitches 15 to 11. Black jumps 16 to 7. . . . White sacrifices 21 to 17. Black jumps 13 to 21. . . . White sacrifices 23 to 19. Black jumps 24 to 15. . . . White jumps 18 to 11 to 2. Black moves 6 to 9. . . . White forks the two checkers by 2 to 6, and Black must lose one of them. Also in a few moves Black will lose his checker on 22; he cannot save it. Final score: 2 to 1. WHITE WINS.

LETTER DIVISION. The numbers represented by the letters are as follows:

N	A	C	T	V	L	E	U	Y
0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

Square Shootin' Winners

After checking word lists submitted in the Square Shootin' contest with the "Collegiate Dictionary" and eliminating prefixes, suffixes and all words not found in the main alphabetical section (according to Rule 4 in the contest), we came up with these five winners:

T-5 James O'Loughlin, Camp Ritchie, Md. (166 words); Pvt. Lloyd A. Pilie, Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif. (164); Sgt. N. F. Skatzes, Camp Cooke, Calif. (157); Cpl. William Snider, March Field, Calif. (146), and Pfc. Ralph Baschal, Camp Carson, Colo. (129).

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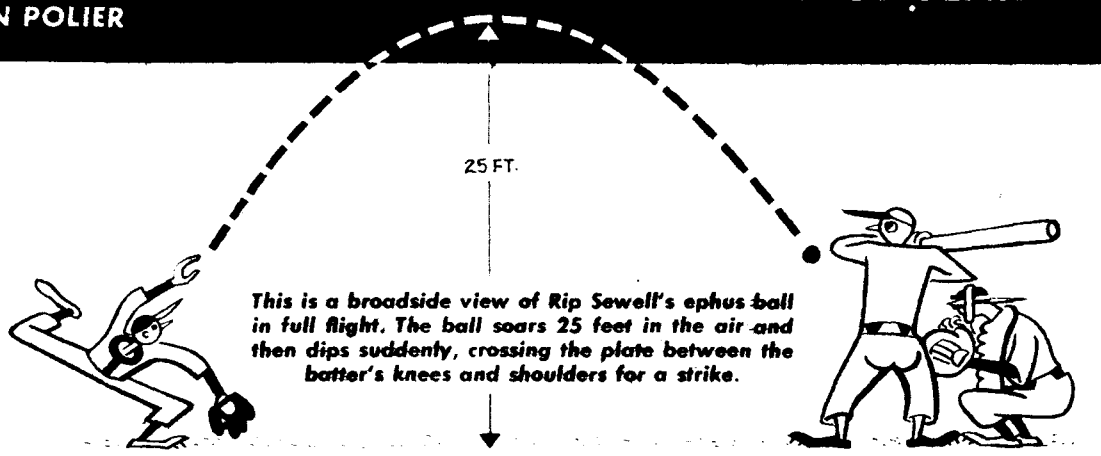
SPORTS: SEWELL DISCOVERS EPHUS BALL AND BECOMES PITCHER OF YEAR

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Here's how Rip Sewell holds the ephus pitch.



This is a broadside view of Rip Sewell's ephus ball in full flight. The ball soars 25 feet in the air and then dips suddenly, crossing the plate between the batter's knees and shoulders for a strike.

DOMINIC DALLESSANDRO, the little Chicago Cub outfielder, was plenty mad. He had just taken two furious swings at Rip Sewell's ephus ball and missed miserably.

"If you throw that thing again," Dallessandro yelled, "I'm coming out with this bat and knock your brains out."

Sewell let him have the ephus again and struck him out.

What Dallessandro saw and couldn't hit was nothing more than a lazy change of pace or slow ball. But it was the slowest and highest of all the slow and high balls he had ever seen. The ball actually soared 25 feet above the ground and on its way to the plate fell almost vertically into the catcher's mitt.

Sewell, who is a cousin of Manager Luke Sewell of the Browns, has already won 18 games with his ephus ball—11 in a row before the Cardinals stopped him—and lost only four. He is the key pitcher of the astonishing Pittsburgh Pirates and the leading pitcher in both leagues.

The Ripper, in fact, has always been a good pitcher although he never won more than 17 games in any single season. He is a pitcher on the order of Cincinnati's Bucky Walters—a dangerous hitter in the clutch, a good fielder and base runner, and a hustler. But it wasn't until he discovered the ephus that he really became a spectacular winner.

Last year while he was warming up in the bull pen he accidently stumbled on the ephus. When he had finished his warm-up he lofted a ball to the catcher as a signal that he was through. Sewell noticed that when the ball came down it dipped suddenly and crossed the plate. He tried another one and the same thing happened. This gave him an idea. Why not try it in a game? He did and the results were good. The batter would either swing and miss the ball, pop it in the air or top it for an easy grounder.

The formula for the ephus is simple. Sewell's wind-up and delivery is almost the same as it would be for any pitch except that the ball comes off his hand with a slight shot-put motion. He holds the ball in the palm of his hand and instead of snapping his wrist he lets the ball roll off the back of his fingers.

It was catcher Al Lopez who named the pitch the ephus. Lopez had once heard the word ephus and didn't know what it meant, and he figured quite logically that "the hitters can't figure out what to do with it any more than I can figure out the meaning of ephus." Ephus, however, isn't the only name for Sewell's pitch. It has been dubbed "balloon ball," "rainbow throw," "back breaker," "parachute pitch," and "statosphere pitch." The ball players have a lot of names for it, too, beginning with the letters "S" and "B."

George Kurowski of the Cardinals takes his spite on the ephus by spitting on it as it drifts tantalizingly across the plate. Eddie Miller of the Reds showed his scorn for the pitch by refusing to get out of the way of one headed straight for him. The ball hit Miller and he trotted off to first base, thumbing his nose at Sewell as he went. Miller thought he had found the answer to the ephus, but the umpire flagged him back. The rule book says a batter must make an attempt to avoid any pitch thrown too near him.

Butch Nieman of the Boston Braves thought he had a plan to trick Sewell, too. When the ball started to soar in the air he dropped to his knees and waited for it to come down squarely across the plate. The ball appeared and Nieman knocked a grounder out to second base. But Nieman forgot he had to scramble to his feet before he could start running. He was out by 25 feet.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

ODDITIES in the Navy's V-12 student-training program: **Lou DeFilippo**, former New York Giant center, will play for this year's Purdue eleven. Michigan finds itself in possession of **Bill Daley**, Minnesota's thunderous fullback, and **Elroy Hirsch**, Wisconsin's halfback. The Fordham touchdown twins, **Andrejko** and **Cheverko**, are expected to play for Dartmouth. The Penn captain of last year, **Calcagni**, will play for Cornell. . . . **Jess Neely**, the Rice coach, expected 90 V-12 candidates to turn out for the first football practice of the season, but nobody showed up. It was pay day. . . . **Bob Feller** has already been under two Nazi aerial attacks since shipping out to sea as a gun captain. . . . **Cpl. Paul Campbell**, the Boston Red Sox first baseman, is playing the outfield for **Lt. Monte Weaver's** Eighth Air Force team in England.

The **DiMaggio** brothers, Joe and Dom, have both asked for combat duty. They insist they didn't enlist to play baseball. . . . **Maj. Harold Hantelmann**, Iowa's All-American guard in 1928, is recuperating after a hand grenade got him in the knee during the Buna campaign. He won the DSC for his part in that action. . . . **Ensign Greg Rice's** proudest possession is the white antelope-skin track shoe **Gunder Haegg** gave him. **Gil Dodds** got the other shoe. . . . Fort Devens, Mass., and the Santa Ana (Calif.) Army Air Base won't have football teams this fall. Both were loaded with talent. Santa Ana had **Indian Joe Jacobs**, Oklahoma's All-American halfback, and **Merle Hapes**, another All-Everything from Ole Miss. Devens could have used **Hank Soar**, the New York Giant ace, **Lou Gheccas** of Georgetown and **Bill Boyce** of Boston College. . . . **Clair Bee**, Long Island's basketball coach, is now Lt. Comdr. Bee of the Merchant Marine.

The **Joe Louis** boxing troupe, with **1st Sgt. George Nicholson, Cpl. Ray Robinson** and **Pvt. Jackie Wilson**, is now making a six-day stand in the Third Service Command. The rest of the schedule calls for five days in the Fifth Service Command, six days in the Sixth, nine days in the Seventh, 17 days in the Ninth, 27 days in the Eighth and 22 days in the Fourth. At the close of the tour the troupe is to go overseas . . . **Boots Poffenberger**, the bad boy of the Dodgers and Tigers, just made pfc. at Parris Island, S. C. . . **Col. Reed L. Landis**, commander of the First Troop Carrier Command at the Maxon (N. C.) Army Air Base, is the son of **Judge Landis**, the baseball czar. . . . That Camp Grant (Ill.) football schedule is one of the toughest in the country. On successive week ends they meet Michigan, Wisconsin, Marquette, Purdue, Minnesota, Michigan State, Great Lakes Naval Training Station and the Iowa Pre-Flight School.

Pvt. Sabu Da Stagir, the elephant boy of the screen, shakes hands with Sgt. Joe Louis at Fort Meade, Md., where Louis opened his 100-day tour of Army camps.

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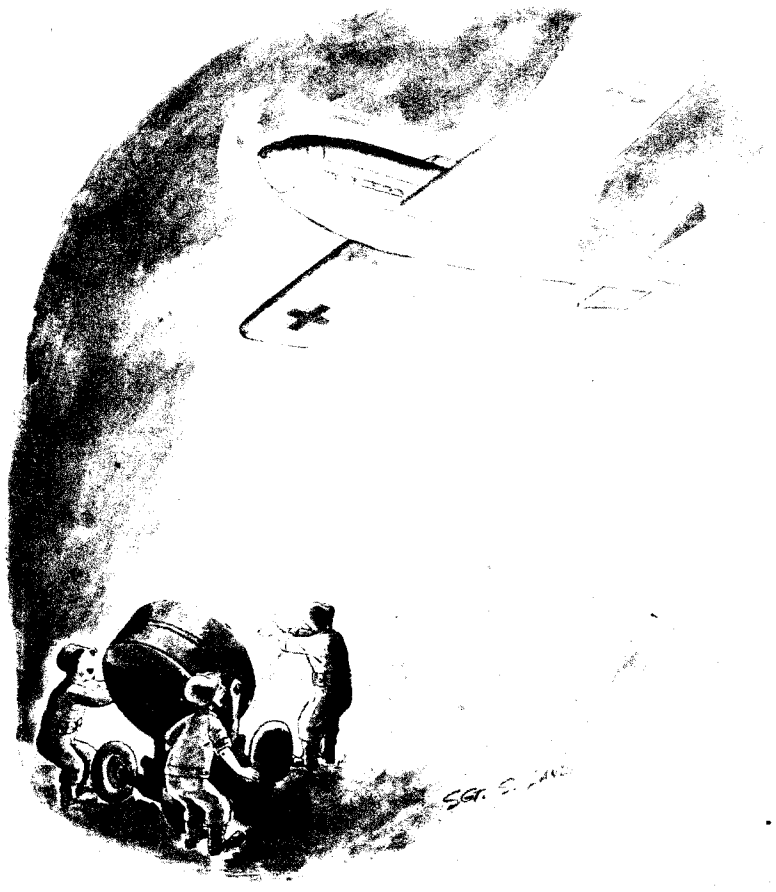
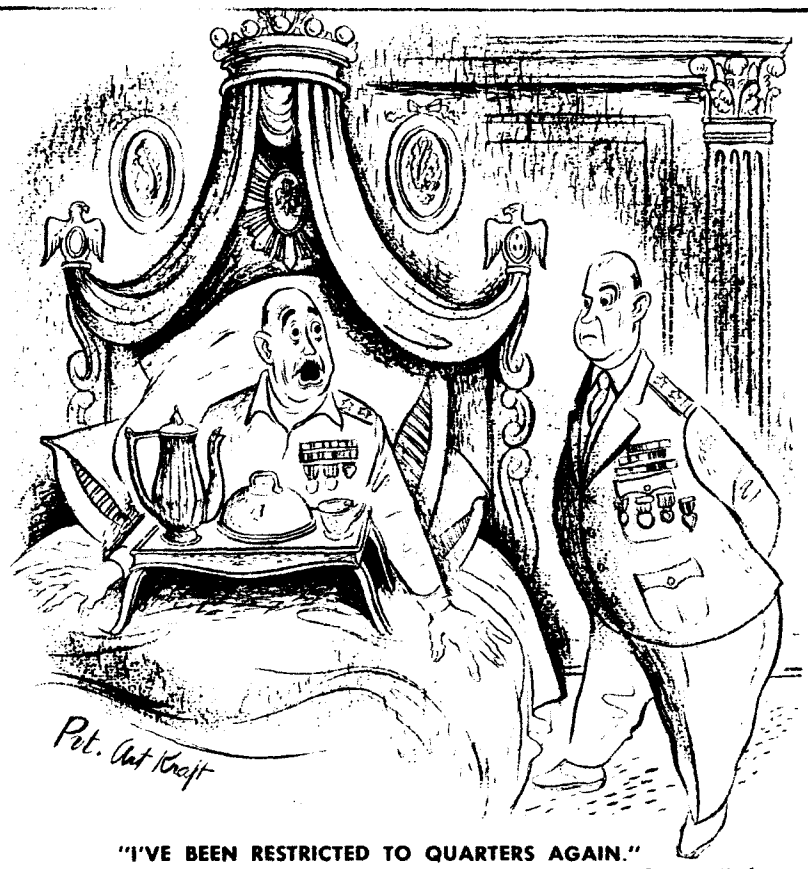


"THAT GUY TUPPER SURE IS A CARD!"
—Sgt. Sidney Landi



"I'VE BEEN RESTRICTED TO QUARTERS AGAIN."
—Pvt. Art Kraft

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"PSST, HARRY—ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE USO?"
—Pfc. William Scott

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS?

To the guy who sends in the funniest (printable) caption for this cartoon, YANK will award the original drawing as a prize—suitably framed for covering shell holes or decorating slit trenches. No acknowledgment of entries can be made, but the name of the winner will appear in a future issue. Entries must be in by Oct. 1, 1943.

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